Vol. CXXVII. No. 1652.

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THE BYSTANDER, AUGUST 14, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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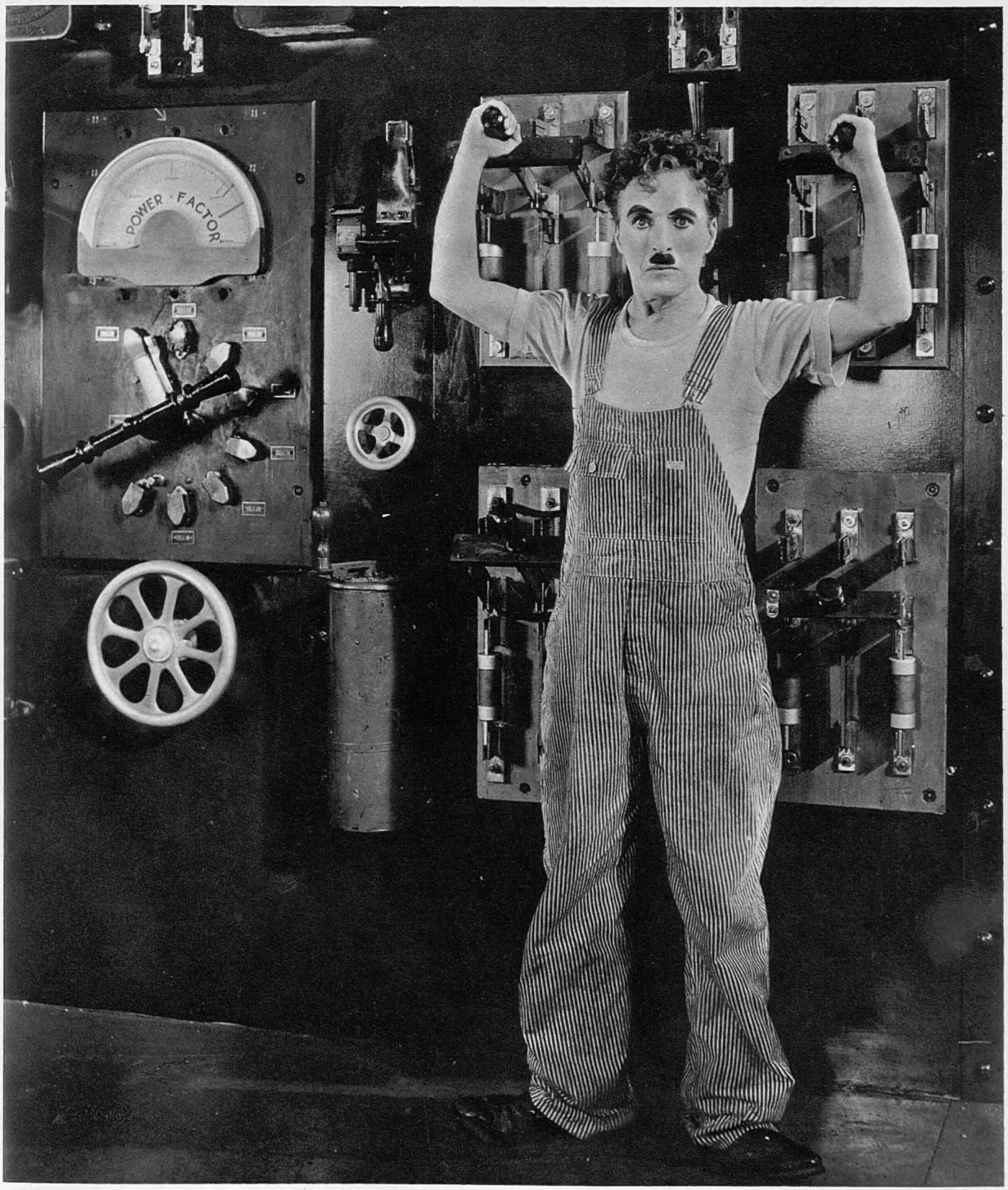
The Bystander, August 14, 1935 No. 1652. Vol. CXXVII

The BYSTANDER



THE MYSTERY MAN OF HOLLYWOOD

Here is the latest "still" of Charlie Chaplin in his new film, which is still without a name, and of the story of which practically no news has yet leaked out. Mr. Chaplin is as mysterious on the set as Miss Garbo is off it. All we do know—and this picture of the star in overalls illustrates the point—is that the film hasn't much to do with high-life circles, and that Paulette Goddard is Chaplin's opposite number, as a waif whom he befriends and falls in love with

Mr. Harmon Andrean's Candida was fourth in the King's Cup at Cowes. Here she is when the afternoon's westerly breeze was blowing, with the owner at the wheel, and Miss Grigg and Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle as passengers

Mr. W. L. Stephenson's Velsheda was second to Endeavour in the long, slow morning with scarcely any wind. The owner is on the left as at the wheel, Mrs. Hart is between Miss S. and Mi

White Wings

Cowes Week Weather

the Yachts That

Left: Lord Jellicoe and Prince Frederick of Prussia, who was in the Jellicoes' party for Cowes, carried a change of clothes from somewhere to somewhere

Left: Lord and Lady Birkenhead and the Hon. Patricia Berry

Below: Like Painted Boats, the Racing Yachts W

King's Cup, after a right, Mr. C. Nicholson Daphne Stephenson

Lady Fiona Fuller and Lady Irene Clark, Lord Camden's two daughters and the former's husband, Sir Gerard Fuller, were staying on the Yacht

Colonel John Gretton and his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Gretton, arriving at the Squadron, of which father and son are both members

On The Solent

Was Perfect, Except for Were Becalmed

for the Light Easterly Airs to Turn into a Breeze

Mr. Montagu Lowry-Corry and his sister, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry

Lady Dashwood, who's with her husband, wore one of the peaked caps

Right: Miss Teresa Jungman, Mrs. Pateman, Lady Dufferin, and Mr. Pateman came ashore from the Guinnesses' Fantôme

Out In the Sun

Summer Idlers at Cannes and Eden Roc

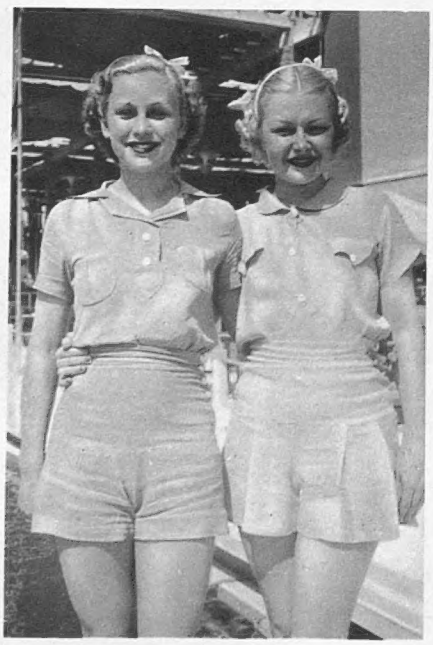
Ingrid Richard is a Swedish-German beauty queen; she had a cracking success at St. Moritz last winter which she's repeating at the Eden Roc, where she bathes in an azure blue swimming suit

Above: Mrs. Erskine Gwynn, another of London's favourite Americans, has migrated to Cannes and the Eden Roc

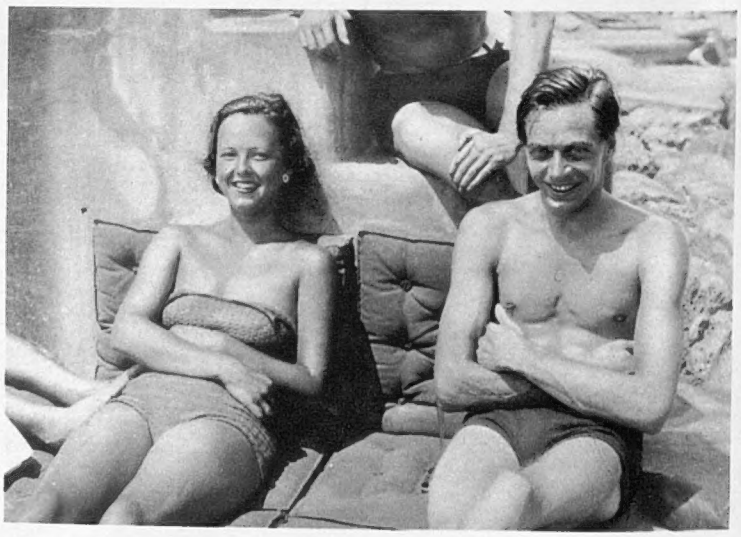
Florence Scheftel, brunette and American, wears a dark blue bathing dress stamped with big white flowers. She likes being in England, has endless friends in London, and was presented here two years ago

Lea Seidl, the Austrian musical-comedy star, has been sun-bathing on the Roc. With her is Charles Chichester

Right: Tunie Karri-Davies was at the opening of the Paradise Club at the Palm Beach Casino with Lord Hindlip and Lord Ranfurly. The latter is Mrs. Julian Lezard's son, and came of age last year



Left: two Hollywood Girls from the Dorchester who are now doing a show at Palm Beach, Cannes—Harriet Haddon and Nora Gill, both wearing linen rompers, one lime green and the other yellow



Mary Banbury ("Sally" to her friends) was one of this year's debs, and has got Mrs. Scheftel for a Riviera chaperon. She and Peter Watson, Sir Norman Watson's younger brother, sun-bathed side by side on the Roc's famous orange "mats"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 115

Warwick Deeping

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

WARWICK DEEPING, one of the most retiring of all our best-sellers, lives at Weybridge with his wife, Cairn, cat, and pipes. He is very quiet, lean, spectacled, fond of dancing and carpentering. He frequently says "mm" as an interjection, or repeats the last three words of the other person's last remark. He also has the habit of using the word "one," when referring to himself and his work. Few of his admirers know that he was a full-fledged doctor, and was a great success as such for a year in Berkshire. Actually he was born at Southend, of a family of doctors, tanners, and brewers. But there was little writing in the family, although his father left copious philosophical papers behind him, and his uncle wrote solemn unpublished epics. Merchant Taylors and Trinity College, Cambridge, provided his education, followed by the Middlesex Hospital. Here an acquaintance observed one day, "Who knows, one day you may write books." "God forbid!" was his immediate reply. Ultimately he wrote because, he says, he had to satisfy the urge. His first book, *Uther and Igraine*, had marvellous notices. Unfortunately, his publisher went temporarily out of business. For the next twenty-two years, undisturbed even by the war, during which he served with the R.A.M.C. in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, he produced a stream of mildly successful books, when, wham! he wrote *Sorrell and Son*. That book went round the world like wildfire. Even the author does not know how many million copies were sold. Since then it has been plain sailing, with film rights bought by Hollywood right and left, serials in the national dailies of England, and everything lovely in the admirably kept garden.

WARWICK DEEPING is one of the few authors whose characters apparently take charge, with the result that he himself never really knows what is going to happen, and his best work is scrawled at a terrible rush. He writes before and after breakfast, but never at night. He is an excellent rough carpenter, and a goodish gardener. He plays neither golf nor bridge, has a passion for jam-roll, "spotted dick," and suet pudding, drinks one whisky and soda a day, hates being fitted or photographed, likes fast driving and shooting arrows at rabbits. He never reads his press-cuttings ("they make one either inflated or angry"). He is devoted to his wife, and, like her, is a keen student of astrology. Altogether, he looks with an air of mild surprise at life, and yet somehow never seems really surprised at anything.

Sketches by Rouson

The tortures of uncertainty. Sir Francis Dearden, K.C. (Godfrey Tearle), prosecutor in one murder case and suspected assassin in another, wonders what's coming next, while his wife (Rachel Berendt) tries to comfort him, although she has no idea what it's all about

Two strong chins meet in a little argument in which the telephone comes off the worst. The owners of the chins are Godfrey Tearle (left) and Malcolm Keen

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

One Crowded Hour

"The Unguarded Hour" (Daly's)

PERHAPS *The Unguarded Hour* would have seemed more feasible set in the land where its author, Ladislaus Fodor, gave birth to it. But its adaptor, Bernard Merivale, transports it to the chilly, official atmosphere of the Old Bailey and the domestic hearth of the prosecuting counsel, with the result that we have to gulp very hard to swallow the series of startling situations and coincidences, however beguiling the manner in which they may be presented to us.

The charming young Metcalf looks very like hanging for the murder of his wife on the lonely Cumberland hills; but what happens? A Scotland Yard chief drops in for a drink at the house of the prosecuting counsel and reads him a lecture on the dangers of circumstantial evidence, and in support of this theory elicits from him an account of the series of odd adventures that he had experienced that very evening, which (curiouser and curiouser) end by implicating him in the murder of a young woman found dead in the flat of Diana Lewis (Jane Thaw), who had been his girl-friend before he had collected a wife with a taste for green Chartreuse and a warm sympathy for attractive young men accused of murder.

As it was naturally unthinkable that the distinguished K.C. should be suspected of crime, the zealous Scotland Yard man points his moral. But why the crusade against circumstantial evidence? Often it may be more reliable than the evidence of a certain type of witness. Why should a man's life depend on the accuracy of people who are not trained to accuracy? What about Oscar Slater and Adolf Beck, who were wrongly convicted on the testimony of eye-witnesses?

However, we should worry, as in this particular case everything is nicely cleared up by Diana appearing as a witness for the defence. Luckily, she was on the spot and saw and heard everything; thus it transpires that Metcalf did not murder his much-loved wife, though in dragging her for long walks up the Cumberland hills he seems to have had an odd idea of the exercise suitable for a very sick woman. One is inclined to suspect that she may have purposely fallen over the precipice rather than face the walk home!

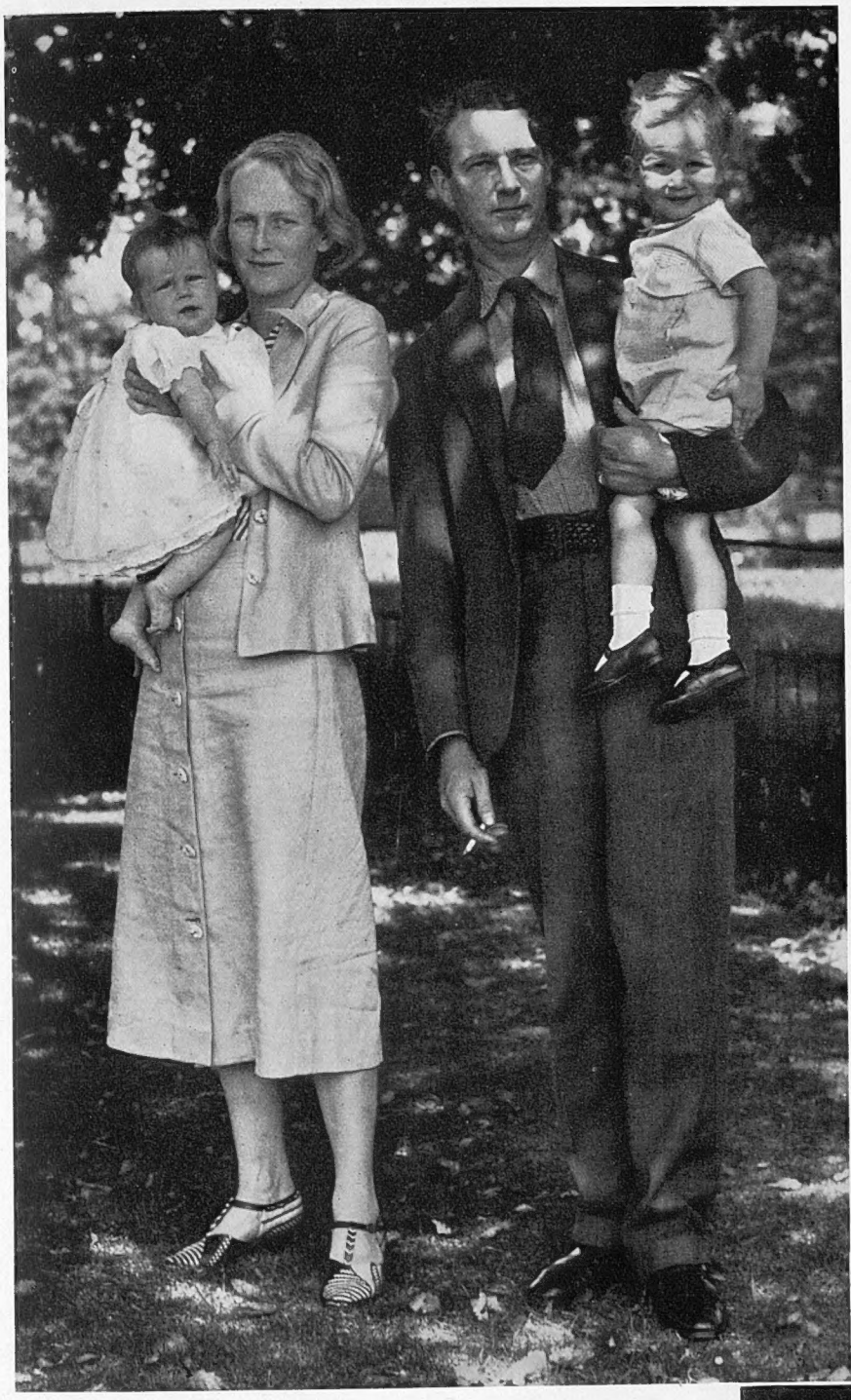
Diana would have told her simple little tale long ago, but she had been having a high old time flying to Honolulu and back, so she had missed the evening papers and knew nothing of the trouble.

DOESN'T it all sound rubbish? But, as a matter of fact, it is brilliantly acted by Godfrey Tearle as the prosecuting counsel and Malcolm Keen as the man from the Yard, and as everyone concerned seemed to believe in him- or herself, it would have been ungracious on the part of the audience not to enter into the "let's pretend" spirit of the show, and this they appeared to do in no half-hearted measure.

The bloodhound. Sir Thomas Grainger (Ronald Simpson) is never happy without a few bloodstains to play with!

Family Party

Lord and Lady Cranbrook At Home in Suffolk

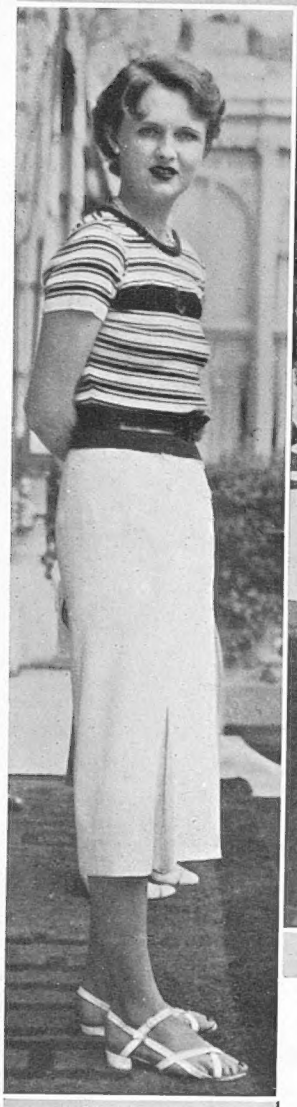


Mary and Gathorne with Their Parents

LORD and Lady Cranbrook were married in 1932; their small, fair-haired son, officially Lord Medway, was born in 1933, and Mary, their baby daughter, this year. Lady Cranbrook was Fidelity Seebohm; her father is Hugh E. Seebohm, of Poynders End, Herts. She is Lord Cranbrook's second wife, his first, who was Bridget D'Oyley-Carte, having divorced him in 1931. He was a Gunner for eleven years, has been a County Alderman for London, and now is a County Councillor for East Suffolk, where he lives. His place is Great Glemham House, near Saxmundham. His youngest brother, Anthony Gathorne-Hardy, who married Ruth Thorowgood and also lives in Suffolk, has just taken his medical degree

Photographs by Swaebe

FRINTON



Mrs. Joan Cary

LE TOUQUET

Lady Furness

Lady Dudley

SALZBURG

Sidney Beer

VILLA D'ESTE

Francis Ricardo

MONTE CARLO

Mrs. Reginald Fellowes

Miss Beth Leary

BIARRITZ

Mrs. O' Malley-Keyes

DEAUVILLE "ANIMATES ANYWHERE" NORTH BERWICK

The Aga Khan

Miss Elsa Maxwell

Mrs. Bertie " Deuchar

Leslie Balfour-Melville

THE LIDO CANNES

Principessa di San Faustino

Miss Maxine Elliott

Resort Kings and Queens

A Bureau of Information for Travellers At Home and Abroad

At Frinton **Mrs. Joan Cary,** who is not a hostess or a social leader, is considered much the prettiest woman, summer after summer. She divorced Lord Falkland's son two years ago

The **Ladies Dudley** and **Furness** share the honours at Le Touquet from April to August. Both have villas which are invariably crowded with smart week-enders who not only know their hostesses but like them. Enid is beautiful and Gertie unique

At Salzburg at Festival time you will meet **Sidney Beer,** budding bachelor conductor, surrounded by the friends he made racing, who follow his baton with simple devotion

At Villa d'Esle, where the honeymooners croon, **Francis Ricardo,** who learnt his marvellous golf at North Berwick, is leader. He gives girls a grand time and boys a (golf) beating

Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is the ruler of Monte Carlo, though her appearances at the beach are rare as she owns a villa. Daisy's clothes proverbially electrify their audiences night and day. Their occupier is one of the few femmes fatales in modern life

Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes and **Miss Beth Leary** dominate the cosmopolitan summer season at Biarritz, though Madame Paul Dubonnet, Mrs. Reginald Paget and the Marquesa di Portago also register. " Jane's " boundless energy keeps her place

Without the **Aga Khan** Deauville's delightful paddock would seem deserted. His big buttonhole, his pleasant wife and his winning horses decorate Europe's most comfortable meeting

Miss Elsa Maxwell, resort queen in excelsis, may be met anywhere, animating anything. Expected simultaneously in New York, the Ritz Bar, the Riviera, the Sahara, the Adriatic and the Baltic. Should be offered Balkan crown at any moment

At North Berwick itself **Leslie Balfour-Melville,** aged 81, is the presiding veteran. Was amateur golf champion in '95, played " Rugger " for Scotland in '72, was Scottish lawn tennis champion in '79. Watches moderns doubtfully. Nice **Mrs. " Bertie " Deuchar** feeds them with boundless hospitality

Another " Jane " — **Principessa di San Faustino** — frail and distinguished Victorian, decides who shall know who and do what and when on the Lido. Her heart is gold, her will iron

Miss Maxine Elliott's villa makes her the Queen of Cannes. To bathe in that fantastic pool is the top of Riviera palm-tree climbing. All her guests are titled except her pet monkey

Houston Rogers

MARIE NEY

Here is the Criterion's girl of the eighteen-eighties as she looks in private life in 1935. In A. R. Rawlinson's comedy, "This Desirable Residence," Marie Ney gives one of her best performances as the girl whose love-affair is wrecked by her Victorian father, but who builds up her life afresh and finally looks back without regret on the might-have-been. Marie Ney acts as charmingly as she looks, and always with a delightful sincerity, freshness, and intelligence. She was born in Chelsea, but grew up in New Zealand, started her stage career in 1916 with a Shakespearean company in Melbourne, and made her first appearance in England in 1923. One of her most recent successes was in Dodie Smith's play "Touch Wood"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE quite admirable array of model ancient ships of war which the Navy Week advance publicity experts got together for their show at Charing Cross Underground Station had only one fault, so far as we could judge, and that was a pretty damnable one. The models included one of the Mora, the Conqueror's flagship when he sailed from St. Valéry with his troops and transports to Pevensey Beach in September 1066. The Mora model was beautifully done, but the vital cask, or hogshead, of red wine was missing from her deck—the historic cask which stood there, ready broached, for William's staff to drink success to the invasion. Whether it is visible or not in the Bayeux Tapestry we forget. Anyway, it was there on the Mora's deck, a symbol of the new Norman vigour which was to pour into this country and transform it.

This noble cask ought to have been preserved as a national heirloom; and wherever the Conqueror is represented in a stained-glass window he ought to carry a tiny model of it, as canonised bishops carry tiny models of their cathedrals. The Norman troops probably broke it up on the beach for firewood before wiping the floor with those blue-eyed, tow-haired, ale-swilling, dull-witted, rather silly-looking louts whose name Europe-hating dons still attach to our race as a whole. Doesn't "Anglo-Saxon" ever make *you* laugh, too?

Why Not a Flag Day?

WE often wish we had as keen and unfailing an appetite for great new fiction as booksy boy Gerald ("Masterpiece") Gould, one of whose recent notices incidentally showed a slight falling-off in lyrical ecstasy. ("*Very, very good, and has touches of greatness*" in place of the customary "*Stupendous, gripping, masterly . . . a book that will live.*") Chatting with our own Mr. Macdonell the other day, we asked how *he* was facing up to the flood of masterpieces pouring from the publishers every week. Laughing heartily, Mr. Macdonell parried our question with characteristic grace and dexterity, inviting us in his urbane old way to go to hell.

Meanwhile the "Blurbville" Rest Home in Surrey, for book-critics who have temporarily lost their reason through encountering too many wonderful, wonderful books, is in need of funds, we hear. The Home is open to any book critic who is regularly astonished, amazed, astounded, dumbfounded, stunned, petrified, flabbergasted, staggered, electrified, moonstruck, spell-bound, thrown on his beam-ends, and metagrobolised by the splendour of current fiction. Here sick critics are given little rubber stamps with every kind of dithyrambic adjective to play with, and tender but steel-muscled nurses wipe the foam from their babbling lips. To maintain a critic in the Home costs 7s. 6d. a day (net). Several leading publishers are on the Board. If the fiction-reading public were to visit the Home and see the shattered booksy girls being wheeled round, amid heartrending scenes and whoops of frenzy, this work of mercy would surely never lack support.

Stunt

TALKING of the booksy boys, we 're grieved to discover that the booksellers, a very worthy class of men, are also going a bit feverish. Last week we passed a bookshop which had a window devoted entirely to the display of Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. In order to drive this home to the public the honest bookseller had carefully covered the bottom of his window with greyish-yellow sand, about a foot deep. Sticking in the sand were seven yellow balusters, if that 's what they 're called — those carved upright short wooden things you get in staircases, we mean—all in a row. The arrangement was cleverly contrived so that two or three of the balusters leaned at various angles. As a publicity idea it struck us as pretty good, except for the idea.

"This one 's my bowling club"

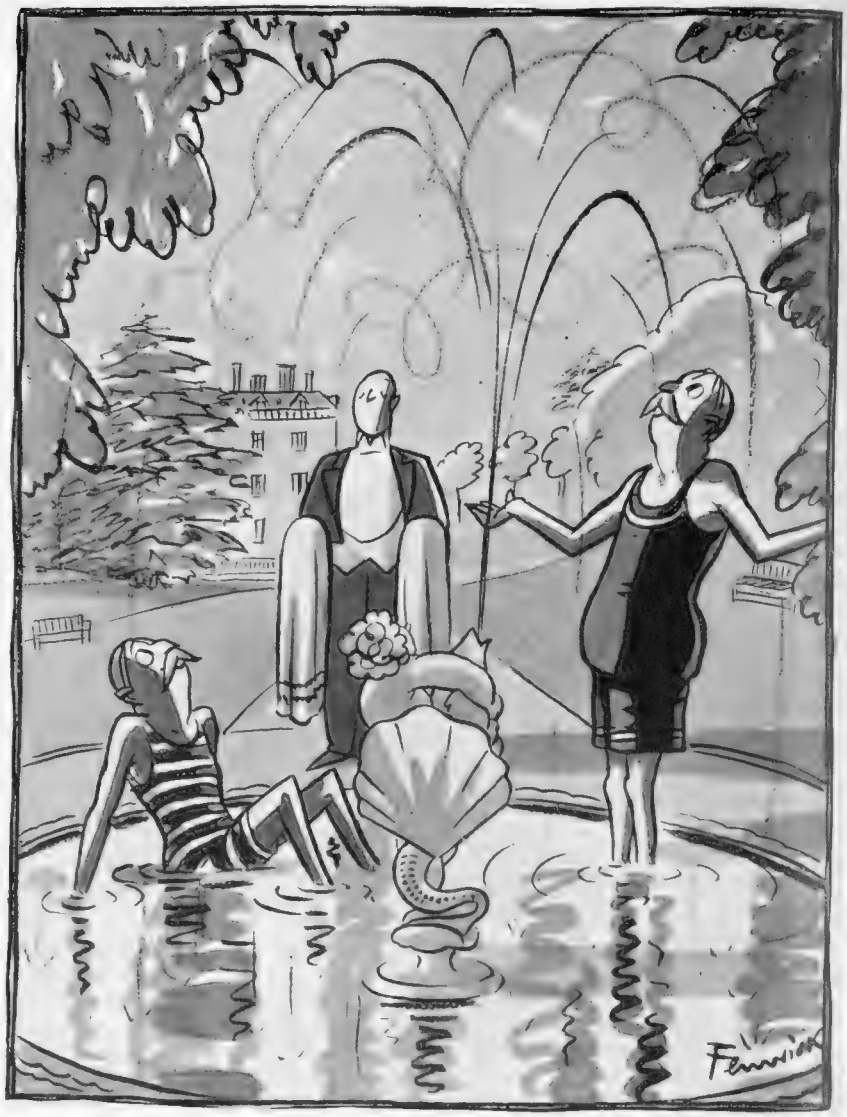
In the "exploitation" department of *Variety* you find a lot of snappy ideas of this kind applied by inventive minds every week to film publicity, which doesn't matter much. Are books in future to be sold in the same way as safety-razors, or whisky, or underclothes, or ironmongery? If so, why not sell 'em henceforth by weight, like other stuff—for example (now we think of it), tripe?

Amazing Girl Portia Sensation

LIKE us, you 've probably often wondered what becomes of used Beauty Queens,

Most of them are just thrown up on top of the bathroom medicine-cupboard, no doubt, but this fate had little appeal apparently to Mlle. Mireille Lafarge, a Riviera ex-Beauty Queen (1929), who took to appearing at the Bar, dressed as an advocate. They sent her to prison for this, we read last week. So much for a nice girl's attempt to mitigate the horrors of the Law.

The only case of the kind in this country is the well-known appearance of Miss "Bébé" Tidsworth ("Miss Wholesale Stationery, 1930") on the Bench at the Old Bailey in 1934. The imposture was not discovered till "Mr. Justice Heartsease," as Bébé called herself, suddenly remarked to a prisoner indicted for bigamy, "Love is king, etc., etc., but one that calls himself a gentleman had not ought to deceive a nice refined girl like you done to that one, *more shame to you*, and those that trample on a breaking heart, well, there, I don't hardly like to say what I think, she having given her girlhood's all, she having trusted to the love of a gentleman that turned out unworthy, *you big heartless thing*, acting so base!" His, or rather her, Lordship then flounced out of Court and was subsequently arrested. "I don't know what made 'Bébé' do it," said her mother, Mrs. Tidsworth, to an interviewer later; "she was always such a thoughtful girl. We are very much surprised at her conduct, especially her sentencing the gentleman to be hung, etc."



"Not quite so plebeian, bathing like this, eh, Freddie?"

"Aubrey! the Granvilles never scratch themselves"

Yoo-Hoo, Giant!

AFTER paying their respects the other day to the late-Neolithic Giant of Cerne Abbas—you've probably seen him cut in the chalk hillside a few miles out of Dorchester, brandishing his club and displaying his virile charms to an embarrassing extent—some people we know went into the village shop to buy a memento. There were picture-post-cards of the Giant in profusion, but they turned out to be very carefully censored, showing the Giant bereaved of those intimate symbols of fertility which, Sir Flinders Petrie assures us, were revered by the simple natives of this part of Dorset some 3000 years ago. The lady who keeps the shop made no comment. Nor did our friends. It is a very nice little shop, full of refined art pottery, by no means the sort of shop in which one could discuss such matters. They ultimately bought a little wooden replica of the Giant (inclusive) from an old gentleman further down the village who carves these models for gain. They also bought a threepenny pamphlet on the Giant, composed by a Mr. J. A. Thwaites, of Cerne Abbas. Mr. Thwaites is all for the Giant, but he has a rather curious idea of Queen Elizabeth's tastes:

> Sir Walter Raleigh, a frequent visitor to Cerne Abbas . . . on his return to Court would give a description of it, with reservations probably, to the Virgin Queen.

"Reservations," ho! ho! That brassy-voiced harridan most likely cracked a few choice jokes on the Giant of a kind which we dursn't print even here. When will the superstition of the pure and lily-handed Victorian Elizabethans die?

Dilemma, Eh?

A POSTER caught our roving eye the other day. It announced:

JACK HOBBS SAYS: "THE GREATEST ENEMY TO SUCCESS ON THE CRICKET FIELD IS THE DRINKING HABIT"!

A photograph of Archdeacon Hobbs—as he has been affectionately styled by several admirers—accompanied these pregnant words. The Archdeacon's benevolent, ascetic features were wreathed in smiles. A little further on, our eye was arrested by another poster depicting a tall, bronzed, handsome Test cricketer, anonymous, surrounded by festoons of malt and hops, draining a huge tankard of Somebody's Ale before going in to knock up a century and save England from doom.

Puzzled at this apparent contradiction, we consulted a well-known English cricket and moral authority, who patted us blandly on the shoulder, coughed twice, and said: "The great thing is to preserve the Broad Viewpoint and to interpret objectively, according to the free and progressive Mind of the Age. What is an enemy? What is a habit? Further," said this eminent moral authority warmly, "what evidence have we that the Test Cricketer's tankard really contains beer? What is 'black'? What is 'white'? Are not both, reasonably viewed, a kind of grey?"

Still unsatisfied, we consulted a high M.C.C. authority. He said to us gruffly: "The great thing is to play the game." As he spoke fifteen blushing virgins of the upper middle-class showered white roses on him, and a hidden male-voice choir sang "Land of Hope and Glory."

"Plush Horse"

"SHE was worth, according to a shrewd observer, at least a million dollars as she stood," carolled one of the gossip boys the other day, referring to an American Society woman. Apparently she wasn't worth more because there just wasn't room to hang any more diamonds or other jewellery on her. This is a sore trial to many millionaire's wives, and we remember a Mrs. Estelle Humdinger ("Plush Horse") Beedlebaum, of New York, who overcame it very bravely a few years ago.

Suddenly leaping up in her box, midway through Act II. of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, at the Metropolitan, and tearing off her diamond-studded gown, Mrs. Beedlebaum shouted: "Whadya know?" at all the Cabots, Lodges, Hannas, Longworths, Tafts, and Emerys in the front row of the Horseshoe. As she shouted Mrs. Beedlebaum pointed vigorously to her chemise, which was carved out of a single emerald worth 500,000 dollars and floodlit by a special process.

Ave atque Vale

THE War Office having decided to scrap the Lewis gun in favour of a Czecho-Slovak confection, we doubt whether many old friends of the Lewis will pipe a sentimental eye. During the early war months the Lewis was often as temperamental as a prima donna and behaved like a sick sewing-machine. But what was chiefly odious to any person of taste—especially, we imagine, to all that gang of poets on active service, Sassoon, Wilfrid Owen, Rupert Brooke, Lord Dunsany, Maurice Baring, et al.—was a ridiculous minor feature of the Lewis gun called "the-boss-on-the-feed-arm-actuating-stud." This was perpetually cropping up in conversation, and as it is an example of what is known in the poetry racket as a "Phalæcian hendecasyllable," you may well guess that it practically spoilt the war for many.

THE BYSTANDERS.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 43.—Eden Phillpotts

WHEN I was still a little lad
My leisure I 'd employ
By reading tales of schooldays which
Were called *The Human Boy*,
For Eden Phillpotts' humour would
Give me the greatest joy.

And later on, when I had reached
The long and lanky teens,
When adolescent youth enjoys
Tales full of lovers' scenes,
I still read Phillpotts—this time in
The monthly magazines.

His novels, too, those charming tales
Of Devon moor and lane,
Where rustic lovers tell the tale,
And do not tell in vain,
I liked so much that some I read
Again and yet again.

Then came his plays to charm us all,
For length of days has not
Deprived him of his skill or dimmed
His light a single jot;
And when his century is reached
May he still "touch the spot"!

B. W.

"—Ssh! 'Arry's meditatin'; 'e's bin readin' Bonaparte's Memoirs."

FILMS of the DAY

Curious Operations

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Bela Lugosi

Lugosi's new film is a healthy change for him after the endless horror and monsters for which he's been cast. He shares the honours of "The Mystery of the Mary Celeste" with the Mary B. Mitchell, the famous "Q" ship which destroyed seven German submarines during the war

"The Clairvoyant"

Fay Wray and Claude Rains are the stars of the new Gaumont-British film at the New Gallery. Rains as Maximus, "king of mind-readers," and Fay Wray as his wife. She is also appearing in "Bulldog Jack," at the Tivoli

FOR years I have tried not to let my right hand know what my left hand was doing, journalistically, which is to say that, as a film critic and criminal psychologist, I have snobbishly ignored the existence of a writer on beauty culture who, under another pen-name, has wielded the same pen! But suddenly I find all three interests amalgamated because current films concern themselves with criminals and plastic surgery.

I HAVE not seen the talkie version of *Hands of Orlac*, because M.G.M. do not invite me to their Press shows, but I remember the silent German film in which the inimitable Conrad Veidt was starred. Peter Lorre, whose brilliant psychological study of the child murderer in Fritz Lang's *M* is unforgettable, is the doctor who grafts the hands of a murderer on the arms of a mutilated musician. The results, though psychologically and physiologically ridiculous, since the mind officers the members, are dramatically exciting and horrific, and I imagine that Lorre's particular talent contributes to the effect.

CURIOUSLY, *The Raven*, a whole-hearted "horror" film, and *False Faces*, a gangster affair, both depend on surgical aid.

The Raven is a pot-pourri of Edgar Allan Poe which, as may be expected, does not smell too sweetly. It is a thriller of the most blatant type, calculated to produce heart-failure in hot weather, either in the over-impressionable or the irresponsible.

Mr. Edgar Allan Poe wrote a poem about a raven who quoth "Never more!" He also wrote stories about murderous mechanical appliances. *The Raven* is potted Poe, plus Karloff and his make-up. Bela Lugosi is a doctor and surgeon practising what Poe so euphoniously preached; Karloff is a criminal who wants his face changed; Irene Ware is the girl the raven-fancier doctor loves.

The criminal's face-lift goes wrong. The doctor's love-affair goes wrong. His plans for revenge go wrong, but the mechanism of Poe's death-chamber works splendidly when the cheated and murdered criminal saves the heroine and shuts the Poe-fan into his own trap.

"FALSE FACES" is a simple gangster picture, but once again the plastic surgeon has been called in, with unfortunate results. Charlie Peace knew better. Bruce Cabot is the criminal.

AFTER such an orgy of horror and mutilation one searches for some relaxation. If you can hear what he says or think his face is funny, W. C. Fields will supply the contrast in *The Memory Expert*. I think the original idea of the muddle-headed clerk, with his mass of insoluble documents, who remembers facts about clients is funnier than its exposition and sublimation, but Fields, in his own way, is entertaining. It all depends on your reaction to Fields, slap-stick, and crockery-crashing. Personally, I think that W. C. Fields and his producers take it too easily, and if he is to be made a six-reel comedian he should be given better material, otherwise he should be used as an accessory after the fact or in "variety" (two-reel comedy). He has the music-hall stamp, and even our own inimitable George Robey does not transplant very happily from the efflorescent herbaceous border of variety to the formal bedding-out of romantic drama (vide *Don Quixote*).

"LET'S LIVE TO-NIGHT" is Lilian Harvey's latest and last Hollywood picture. Tullio Carminati is her debonair and vocal opposite number. Hugh Williams is his brother. Something must have gone wrong with the direction of this picture. The story, which concerns the love-affairs of Kay (Lilian Harvey) and the two brothers is slight and undistinguished, but material even less promising has been more provocatively handled. None of the principals produce their best form.

FOR admirers of that classic figure, or figment, the Man on the Flying Trapeze: *The New Adventures of Tarzan*, in which Herman Brix gives a wonderful exhibition of athletic volition. You laughed at *Young Eng and*—you will find this film is as naïve.

John Sutro is Tom, man-of-all-work at "The Sailor's Return"

Vivien Braun is camera director

"The Sailor's Return"

The Film with a Mayfair Cast

Lady Caroline Paget is Tulip, Princess of Dahomey, the sailor's wife

DAVID GARNETT'S story, *The Sailor's Return*, provides the scenario for the John Sutro-Cecil Beaton film that is being made at Ashcombe, Cecil Beaton's house in Dorset. Cecil Beaton is the sailor hero who arrives home to be a pub-keeper, with a Princess of Dahomey (Lady Caroline Paget) as his wife, and a child called Sambo. The village doesn't take kindly to them, and a storm of jealousy, snobbery, and religious complications ends in the sailor's murder. John Sutro, the villain of the piece, is a director of London Films, but an amateur actor, and so is John Betjeman, who is the *Evening Standard* film expert. The only professionals are Vivien Braun and Guy Branch, who are directing the production

Left: Cecil Beaton is William Targett, the sailor; he dies in agony with a pitch-fork through his back

Left: John Betjeman is the clergyman

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mrs. Ken Holway

Was staying at Kildangan with the More-O'Ferralls for the Dublin Horse Show; looked very attractive in her quaint little cap of wine-colour and deep pink

Rory More-O'Ferrall

Is the youngest of the three Irish brothers who are well known on most race-courses; they are sons of Dominic More-O'Ferrall, of Kildangan, Co. Kildare

Miss Camilla Russell

Wore a grey flannel suit and hat for Leopardstown Races; she was staying with the Brinsley Plunkets at Luttrellston for the "Irish season"

Gamblers Asleep

THE funniest sight at Le Touquet during the Bank Holiday week-end was late one morning in the Casino. At a three-louis table, all the remaining occupants were sound asleep! Nudged or rapped on the knuckles by the croupier when their bank came round, they jerked themselves together for a moment, blinked when they lost, yawned when they won, and passed running banks when they had a nice piled-up benefice!

We never found out whether it was sheer fatigue or the assiduous attentions of too many waiters that made an entire table "drop off."

It Gets You

ONE of the hardest things in the world to describe to the uninitiated is a casino atmosphere. To those who know it by heart, dread it and love it at the same moment, it is the most insidious thing imaginable. As you pass through that revolving door on any Friday night (if you are week-ending), you recognise the smell, the noise, the awful airlessness, as an indispensable part of your holiday enjoyment. Even the non-gamblers will stay for hours on end, talking, drinking, and getting a second-hand thrill out of other people's exploits at the tables. The roped-in big table is an amazing source of interest to the onlookers in every casino.

Big Table Players

DURING the Bank Holiday week-end at Le Touquet, Mr. Keith Williams and Mr. Van Prague were, as usual, "playing the lead." They are both good gamblers in every sense of the word, providing an almost knock-about turn for the rope hangers-on. Apart from the star turns, the big table players vary very little in type. There is invariably a new foreign "lovely" of some sort, much bejewelled, taking a light-hearted interest in it all. Sometimes she is Swedish, sometimes Austrian, sometimes Dutch. There is often an older woman friend, sadder and wiser, but with obvious traces of past good looks, who keeps an eye on her, whispers an occasional warning about the game, the players, or just life itself—we can't hear.

There is the elderly Englishman, immersed in high finance, whose gambling has helped to keep all the casinos going for years, the young Englishman, who won't be able to keep himself going much longer. The lower tables are more fun, and all we know of a casino, anyway. From three to six a.m. are the liveliest hours. After that an early-morning gloom sets in, and the people who stay till eight or nine are either heavy losers who are plunging, or winners who can't go to bed while their luck lasts.

No Swimming

THE weather was not very good that week-end, but the Picardy Hotel was a home from home. We gave the swimming-pool a miss, and went out to lunch on fresh trout at Inxent, where there is a divine little inn and marvellous food. Sir William Garthwaite and his son were there that day, although they are among the fortunate people who own a villa at Le Touquet.

Sweenys and Friends

MR. and MRS. ROBERT SWEENY have taken the same villa they had last year, and lucky people who are asked to luncheon there, are encouraged to have an afternoon siesta on an orange mattress in the lovely garden. Patricia Lady Cottenham, Lady Lyons, and that very chic American, Mrs. Eve Lehman, had been lunching there when we met them. Robert Sweeny, Junr., has gone to America to play in the International contest. Charles, who has been seriously ill, is going to Baden Baden with his father to do a cure, while his lovely wife is going over to keep her mother-in-law company.

We heard that a young man guest that day had failed to appear at luncheon and had been seen about three in the afternoon sound asleep on the beach. It transpired that as he had left the Casino at some unearthly hour that morning, the sunlight mocking his dress clothes, he conceived the idea of a sun-bath, and that was that!

A Yacht and a Gramophone

LORD MICHELHAM was on his yacht, the Atlantis, in Boulogne harbour, with Lady Phyllis Allen, Mr. John Hopwood and Mr. Bob Lebus aboard. Members of Sir Richard Cooper's party on the Alice, alongside, were intrigued by the strains of Lord Michelham's newly installed super-gramophone, the one and

only thing that makes us inclined to embroil ourselves in a hire-purchase arrangement. Michael Lafone and his pretty new wife were honeymooning at the Golf Hotel, and dining at the Picardy one night with the Hon. Hiley Bathurst and Lord Donegall; Mrs. Keith Menzies was gambling before dinner one night; Mr. and Mrs. Gerry Portman were round and about the place; and

Gertrude Lawrence

An amusing sketch of Gertrude Lawrence as an archer at Great Fosters, where she bowed-and-arrowed after bathing. She spent a Sunday afternoon there with Mr. Hilton Philipson

the Antony Actons, who were on their way to Austria.

The Westminsters

The Duke of Westminster, of whom we have seen or heard so little lately, was observed at Capri the other day poring over a map of Africa, very much as if he intended an immediate visit. The Duchess, we hear, is holidaying in Austria with her brother, the Hon. Gaspard Ponsonby.

August Population

London can be quite amusing in August, even with half the town away. The heat-wave made many smart converts to the hatless, stockingless, gloveless brigade, and there is an air of enjoyable informality about the pompous West End streets. At Quaglino's one night, Lady Seafield and her husband were dining with Lord Elibank. They were passing through on their way from Germany to Cullen. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg was dancing energetically, despite the heat that night, with a pretty blonde, and the whole restaurant seemed almost as full as on any night in May or June. The San Marco, and even the Florida, that all-night sitting, are making a bold bid for the passing-through and unable-to-move population, and with complete success.

Gertrude Lawrence, in a long-sleeved green dress and her new curly coiffure, was at the San Marco the other night with Mr. Fairbanks, Junr., and Hilton Philipson. Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mr. Guy Lambart and Sir Neville Pearson were others we saw that night, and Miss Pat Charles, the youngest of three lovely sisters, was supping in the un-dressed, been-to-a-cinema end of the room. It was a very, very hot night, and we forgave Mr. Charles Birkin for drinking his supper beer in his shirt-sleeves. Earlier the same evening we heard of him at the Bon Viveur, that enchanting little club off Curzon Street, where he gave his famous Apache party last spring.

Late News of Goodwood

Goodwood is much more fun than Ascot, the Derby, or any other meeting. We like the surrounding house-parties, minus the formal and pompous entertaining. We like the countryish atmosphere, the simple clothes of the women, the be-flannelled, straw-hatted men. Punch's Club tent made its debut, and was a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Gilbey were there, Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux (such a dowager-ish name for such a frail beauty), and Miss Diana Caldwell, in a tennis eye-shade with a diamond ensign brooch pinned in front.

Lady Warrender was racing that day, looking most attractive in dark blue and white, and accompanied by one or two tall sons. Mrs. Shevlin Smith, one of our favourite American visitors, was also there. The Maharaja of Rajpipla was a tent-owner, and was entertaining with his usual lavish hospitality. We caught a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. James Ford, Miss Sheila Roche, and a pretty newcomer (to us), Miss Hannen, within the tent.

Lord Reay

Is the thirteenth Baron and head of the Clan Mackay; also has the Dutch title of Baron Mackay van Ophemert and the first name of Æneas; is known as "Nicky." Stayed with Lady Clare King for Goodwood

Miss Agnes Celestria King

Lady Clare King is an aunt of Lord Gainsborough; she had a party at Britwell Prior, on the Test, in Hampshire, for Goodwood. Agnes Celestria King, her only child, came out this year. After Goodwood she went to Norfolk for the Duke of Grafton's coming-of-age and has now gone, as all good debs go, to Scotland, with her mother

Lady Clare King

Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas

Robert Douglas and his attractive wife, Dorothy Hyson, have been staying down at Frinton since they came back from their honeymoon. They are moving into a house somewhere on the river for the rest of the summer

The Rous—Kay-Shuttleworth Wedding

The Hon. Keith Rous, the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke's second son, and Miss Pamela Kay-Shuttleworth, only daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Edward Kay-Shuttleworth, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyttelton, were married last week at St. Peter's Babraham, Cambridge

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

No Bump of Locality

On the way back we called in at Hunger Hill, Lord Rosslyn's house that he has just sold to Sir Wilfrid Moon. We had a wild-goose chase, because Miss Diana Caldwell, who professed to show us the way, was born without any bump of locality whatsoever, and thought every distant house, every wayside lane, and every sort and kind of gate looked like it! We arrived at length, and the excellent cocktails dispensed by Lady Moon saved our lives.

Lord and Lady St. Oswald were staying at Hunger Hill for Goodwood, having let their nearby house to the Stanhope Joels for the summer months, and taken (or bought) a house at Hove with a small private beach of its own. Lady St. Oswald is a very pretty woman who confesses to literary yearnings.

U.S.A. Sailings

Departures for New York last week included, Mr. Geoff Harbord, in search of yearlings, Lily Biraver, who has a heavenly voice, and whom, because of Home Office rules, we are never allowed to hear, and Mrs. Surprenon, an attractive American who lost her husband in a tragic motor smash two or three years ago, and almost lost her money in a bank crash last week.

Carrots and Radishes

You must all have heard or seen women wearing real flowers in their hair and hats this summer. The latter seemed a little far-fetched, we thought, especially if you were that very old-fashioned type of girl known as a flirt. Dead roses may be all right in a bowl, but not drooping round a hat-brim! It was Mrs. Julie Thompson who told us the other day that "alive" hat trimmings are really no novelty, and that some years ago she had a wreath of small carrots and radishes on a Paris model. It is a blessing there are so few horses about nowadays, or think of the plight of a small woman crossing the road under a horse's nose.

Julie Thompson is a charming American woman who seems to have settled down over here. She has an impeccable dress sense, and is interested in a certain famous couturier's in Grosvenor Street. Incidentally, she has less trace of an American accent than anyone we have ever met, due, probably, to the fact that she went to school at Tunbridge Wells. She has a calm and gentle manner, great natural poise and dignity, and a large circle of friends.

MISS PEEPS

We regret that on page C of last week's issue, Miss Lilian Lord, who married Mr. E. Godbold, was described as Lilian Bond.

Right:

Miss "Pom" Pike

"Pom" Pike, whose real names are Helena Christian, announced her engagement last week to the Hon. Lionel Brett, Viscount and Viscountess Esher's only son. She is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ebenezer Pike, and came out two years ago. Her fiancé is twenty-two. Mrs. Pike is Olive Snell, the artist

Noah in the Making

John Gielgud Creates a Superb Character

Photographs taken for the 'Bystander" by John Everard

He Dresses for the Flood And Not for a Heat-Wave

THE playing of *Noah* takes just two-and-a-half hours. Before the curtain goes up on that gnarled, gnomish, wise old man measuring the stern of his boat and trotting out snatches of a sea song, what a lifetime's work does John Gielgud perform in his dressing-room . . . With his own face as canvas, he paints one of the most amazing portraits the stage ever saw. Wig, beard, eyebrows, blacked-out teeth, paint, padding, vast baggy clothes: here are the materials for the whole extraordinary readjustment of personality which takes place every night before his make-up mirrors at the New Theatre. On the next two pages are some seven aspects of the finished work of art as it looks on the stage

An Epic Hero

John Gielgud As Noah

To watch John Gielgud as Noah, to hear him sp
gloriously simple words of the earthy, trusting, l
old farmer whom God chose as captain of His shi
forget playwright, translator, producer, and the actor
This is Noah: so he was and so he must have spoke
in fact it is John Gielgud inside Noah's skin, unbe
the same slight, good-looking young man who, a n
two back, seemed to have been born to play Hamlet.
words aren't Noah's: they are André Obey's. They we
English words, until Arthur Wilmurt translated them.
rainbow that so perfectly, so theatrically ends the play is
but coloured lights. Well, well—as Noah said, "That

Lord, should I make a rudder?"

*"I wonder how all this business is going to be
magnificent weather, oppressively hot, no sign of a clo*

"It's not a house—what is it? It's a ship"

"All aboard! Into the Ark, my good crew"

"God is not far off, my children"

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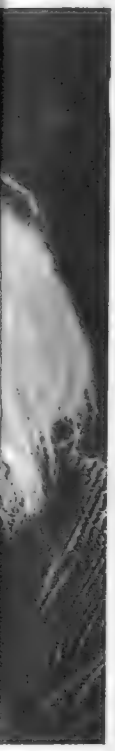


"

It's going to rain! Rain such as has never been before"

"O, what a wind! Such a splendid wind! The waters are going down, draining away unseen, and good old Mother Earth comes heaving back into the light, with her face washed clean and shining"

Kay Vaughan

LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

A new portrait of one of last year's most important debutantes — Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Titchfield, granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and great-granddaughter, on her mother's side, of the sixth Duke of Richmond and Gordon. She was born in 1916; since her first season, she has spent most of her time in the country, at Welbeck Woodhouse, her parents' place in Nottinghamshire, rather than party-going in London. Her younger sister, Victoria Margaret, who was born in 1918, will be of debutante's age next year

Their Only Enemy Is the Sea

"Der Schimmelreiter"—A Film of Friesian Legend and Folklore

"DER SCHIMMELREITER" *(The Rider on the White Horse)* is the new film at the Academy, a drama of the life of the Friesian country people and their unceasing struggle with the sea, their only allies the dykes which hold the flood back from their homes. The Rider on the White Horse belongs to an old Friesian legend; in modern dress, he is Hauke Haien, the dyke steward (Matthias Weimann). The particular beauty of this film lies in the photography of the lovely Friesian countryside and of the simple peasant families living their traditional lives

The Roy—Brooke Wedding Reception

Harry Roy and Miss Elizabeth Brooke, the second daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, Sir Charles and Lady Brooke, were married last week at the Caxton Hall register office (with policemen to hold the crowds back), and had their wedding reception at the May Fair, where Harry Roy's band plays. With them in the photograph is Joe Rock, the film producer, who has given Harry Roy his next film contract

The Master of Elphinston

The Master of Elphinstone, Lord and La a silver tray by Baillie Paton on behalf brations at Carbery Tower, the Elphinstone father and mother are standing behind. La

The Duke of Grafton's Coming-of-Age

The Duke of Grafton's twenty-first birthday was on August 1st, and the party to celebrate it was at Euston Hall, in Norfolk. Above are Lady Ipswich, the Duke's mother, with his elder sister, Lady Jane FitzRoy, and the Duke himself with his younger sister, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, who was born in 1918

ROUNDABOUT

Comings and Goings and Celebrations in Three Continents

Left: Lady Stanley, the wife of Sir Herbert Stanley, the popular Governor of Southern Rhodesia, is riding her Arab pony, Peter, during a visit to Ceylon

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark

Right: Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and his wife, who was Princess Ingrid of Sweden, arrived in England last week. They are including a short visit here as part of their honeymoon trip

Comes of Age

Elphinstone's elder son, was presented with Musselburgh at his coming-of-age celebration near Musselburgh, last week. His Elphinstone is a sister of the Duchess of York

The French Prime Minister's Daughter and Her Fiancé

Mlle. José Laval, M. Laval's daughter, is marrying Comte René de Chambrun in Paris next week. During their short engagement they have been staying with his parents, Général le Comte and Comtesse Aldebert de Chambrun, at Vichy, and playing golf every day. They have planned to spend their honeymoon in America and Canada

Bank Holidaying Down in Cornwall

The Marquis de Casa Maury spent his Bank Holiday at St. Austell's, in Cornwall, and was photographed contemplating the Carlyon Bay swimming-pool

Miss Peggy Bolton also put in her week-end at St. Austell's. Her father, Guy Bolton, is joint-author with P. G. Wodehouse of "Anything Goes"

Lord Joicey Plays Hoop-La

Lord Joicey, who is eighty-nine, took his turn at the hoop-la stall at the National Demonstration and Fête held at Ford Castle, his Berwick-on-Tweed home

Right: the latest picture from America of Mr. Whitney and Lady Diana Straight, who arrived in New York on August 1st on their honeymoon. Lady Diana Straight was Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, and her wedding was one of the last of the season

Drink Water, Milk or Beer—

—You 'll Be in the Best of Company

"Drink More Milk"

What would Dr. Johnson say to this? Denizens of Fleet Street have long been noted for their thirst—for knowledge. Now they have a chance to slake their physical thirst in the only Milk Bar in London, which, most courageously, has opened at the corner of Whitefriars Street. Above, the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard (left) is seen, nobly supported by Artist Tom Webster, Film Star Mary Brian, Uncle André Charlot and all, sampling the wares at the official opening of the only bar where the dread cry of "Time, gentlemen, please" is never heard

Lady Alington

She was another milk-drinker at the opening of the most surprising "pub" that ever decorated Fleet Street

"Beer Is Best"

And this is Leslie Banks, less murderously inclined than he appears to be every evening in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls"; he's drinking a toast with Charlie Newman, host of the Square and Compass at Worth Matravers

Water Is Good For You

Lord Castlerosse went "up North" to drink his glass of water; he was at Harrogate when he was photographed with Mr. Samuel Cartwright, Harrogate's mayor-elect. On the right is Lady Bertha Dawkins, Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen; she was also at Harrogate, taking the baths and drinking the waters

Lawn Tennis Letter

Cups and Bells

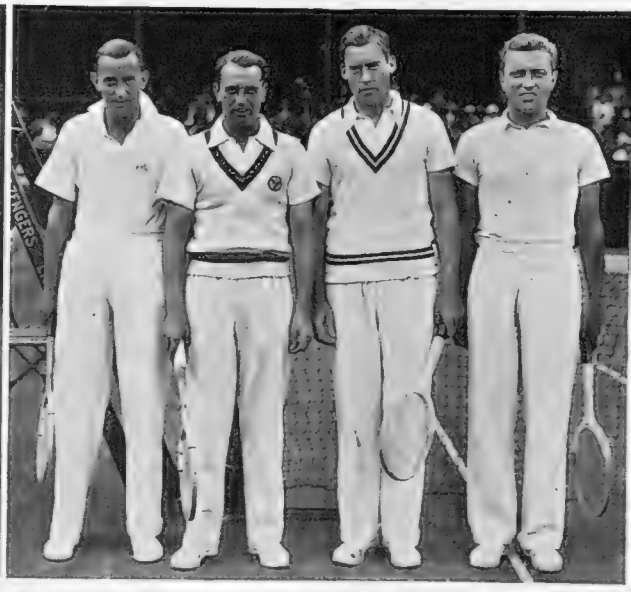
By "Passer-By"

H. W. Austin

A striking portrait of "Bunny" painted by that clever artist Anna Zinkeisen. His recent performances in the Davis Cup contest silenced those critics who said he could never last out for five gruelling sets

Service Finalists

Lieutenant W. D. Muspratt (left) and Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander E. J. Mockler, whom he beat in the final of the R.N. and R.M. Singles championship at the All-England Club. The score was 6—3, 10—8



Americans at Eastbourne

The International Club recently beat Yale and Harvard by seven matches to two at Devonshire Park. Above are seen G. P. Hughes (left) and H. G. N. Lee, the Club's first pair, with F. W. Jones and G. G. Glidden, both of Harvard, whom they beat 9—7, 7—5 in a match in which their opponents played well

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE Davis Cup is not to take another journey just yet. The air of England seems to suit it; it was sparkling brilliantly on its new plinth when the British captain received it back from the hands of a royal Princess in the green arena at Wimbledon; it seems to enjoy the company of its three old friends—Perry, Austin, and Hughes, and its new friend, Raymond Tuckey.

The Cup had never been held in this country by such a wide margin for thirty years—since the Dohertys and S. H. Smith defeated another and better American team in the challenge round. England's intervening victories, in 1912 at Melbourne, and in Paris in 1933, were touch-and-go affairs; speculation was rife all the time. If Cecil Parke, the Irish Rugby footballer, had not enjoyed three weeks' steady practice, galloping from corner to corner, with the concentrated idea of pitting his speed of foot against Norman Brookes, Australia would not have forfeited the Cup to the Mother Country; and, twenty-one years later, if Merlin, in the momentous fifth match, had snatched another point from Perry, giving the young Frenchman a two-set lead, those tumultuous scenes on the pier at Dover and on the platform at Victoria Station when the Cup came back might never have been witnessed.

OF course, the five-match-to-love verdict did not mean that this country is in a heaven above the clouds so far as its lawn tennis talent is concerned. Australia might put in a caveat and remind us of a little friendly encounter at Eastbourne just before the challenge round. America, too, although it failed to win a match at Wimbledon, was not far off purloining two. Allison only needed to make one simple volley against Austin to have two match balls. Yet figures in lawn tennis count; more often than not they tell the right tale. There was nothing flukey or accidental about the British victory. Superior stroke play and stamina gained it; the heart, head and hand all had their share.

It is true of Perry as of Tilden; the Cup follows the world's champion. When Tilden was supreme in America, the executive went about with light hearts, conscious that two matches, or nearly half the necessary points, were coming their way. Tilden's strong arm held up the Cup. So with Perry. He may not yet be quite the master or the marksman that Tilden was; he is not yet as old as Tilden when the American was in his prime. But he was always certain of two victories at Wimbledon this year; you could almost take the results as read.

Austin did something fine, too. He kept intact his unbeaten record against American players in the Davis Cup, and—what was even more satisfactory—he defeated Allison from a losing position. At the same time, I do not think Austin was playing as well in the last challenge round as he was in 1933 in Paris or last year on the Centre Court. Champions have their vintage years, like good wines, and you can never be quite certain when they are coming. The Austin brand has a delicate flavour; it does not flow from the cask, on tap at any moment. But its fragrance was there all right at the end of July, especially against Budge; it is a real value to lawn tennis in this country that two such stylists as Perry and Austin should be on view to inspire their fellows.

TWENTY-SEVEN years having elapsed since a British doubles pair had won a match in the challenge round, the triumph of Hughes and Tuckey, playing together for the first time in the event, was particularly pleasing. I am inclined to think that the militant game of the young Sapper inspired his partner to hit harder. Certainly Hughes was serving better this year than last, and there was more power behind his smashes. It was a refreshing sight to see Hughes and Tuckey not only "clean up" the doubles, but to find them increasing their pressure and intensifying their attack at the critical stages. They recovered ground that mistakes had surrendered; it was their fighting back, their courage and resource in adversity that made their success all the more worthy.

We may lift our hats, but ought not to flourish them too freely. The Davis Cup remains in England, but our reserves are still ominously thin. Far too many local tournaments are won by overseas invaders; there is no young Englishman who looks at the moment like a ripening champion.

THE anomaly of possessing the symbol of supremacy and yet not claiming the fruit in junior Perrys still persists. Of course, "first ten" players do not grow on every domestic lawn, but the quality of home players, having regard to the quantity, ought to be much higher. I do not think coaching will raise it unless coaches themselves set a higher standard. There are too many teachers about who need lessons themselves.

THEN the accessibility of the prize tournament has its dangers as well as its delights. Prize vouchers may be relatively small—and five pounds is their maximum value—yet they are not very elusive to the trained hand. The champion of Something-on-Sea is lifted on to a plane that may easily create self-deception. One would like to see more tournaments where the entry is limited to players of proved capacity. Golfers with an eighteen handicap do not enter for scratch events. Yet you often see "owe thirty" opposed to "plus thirty" in a level lawn tennis event. The contact is not calculated to improve the play of either. The "owe man" can afford to be casual and even lazy, the "plus man" either bangs the ball out of court in his anxiety not to appear out of his depth, or cannot connect with the ball at all because he really is out of his depth.

Women's Golf:

There Are Internationals *and* Internationals:

By Eleanor E. Helme

Bank Holiday Week-End at Le Touquet

Left: Lady Avice Spicer, Captain Roland Findlay, Mrs. Keith Menzies, and Captain Spicer played a foursome round Le Touquet when the shadows began to get long

Right: Mrs. Kasternine and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax were another couple of Le Touquet golfers, Mrs. Fairfax wearing one of those straw-hat eye-shades as well as dark glasses

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ABOUT this Girls' International Match, England *v.* Scotland, which is to be played by competitors in the Girls' Championship on Monday, September 2nd. Captain Stroyan (who is giving the Cup) and I both want to make it perfectly plain to everybody that this match will in no way affect qualifications in the International matches organized by the L.G.U. I mean, a player with Scottish parentage or birth might like to play for Scotland in this Girls' match and yet wish to follow her English residential qualification when the English Close Championship and the L.G.U. Home International come along in a few years' time. There is nothing to prevent her doing so, since the International Match at Stoke is not under L.G.U. jurisdiction. I do hope if anybody is in doubt about it they will write to me.

I have seen the design for the Cup which Captain Stroyan is giving, as well as the medals and badges, and the Cup is really beautiful. The team who win are greatly to be envied.

NEWS is beginning to come back of the British Touring Team on its way to Australia and New Zealand. The team seem to be enjoying themselves mightily, judging by what Mrs. Hodson, their captain-manager, has written, and I have no doubt Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Greenlees, Miss Wade, Miss Anderson and Miss Barton would endorse it. I wish there was room to quote you everything she says. Briefly summed up, the voyage started with lovely sunshine, then fog and an unpleasant ground swell, followed by "a lovely day of sunshine, with a vivid blue sea flecked with white. We passed Cape St. Vincent about noon, and some of us felt quite pleased to get a sight of land again, though we had all recovered and were feeling ready for anything. The team had some practice at the golf net, but felt they would rather hit balls into the sea than into a screen of canvas. Bathing and deck games, with intervals for reading, writing and eating, filled in the day." Don't you sympathise with that crazy feeling of longing to hit balls out into space? I seem to remember some competitors in the 1924 Championship driving out to sea from the top of the cliff of the Giant's Causeway. Anyway, the team had their wish gratified after leaving Gibraltar, for two days later Mrs. Hodson goes on to say: "This morning the team achieved their ambition to drive balls into the sea. There was life-boat drill for new arrivals, and a gun port was opened near the driving net and far into the Mediterranean went a dozen or so of our stock of balls." Between the day at the net and the day into the ocean had come twenty-four hours, which she describes as, "packed full of incident and delight. A lovely evening, with the moonlight making a silvery track over the sea. Eight times round the deck for a mile of constitutional, progressive ping-pong, and so to bed, only to be wakened at about 1 a.m. with loud knocks at the door—'May I close your port, please, the wind is rising'—visions of a really stormy night which did not materialise—noises of banging in the early morning and about 6 a.m. a peep out of a spray-decked porthole to find we were lying off Tangier; but word came with the morning tea that it was too rough for shore leave, so we had to content ourselves with gazing at its white and yellow houses from the deck. Officers and deck hands were all smart in white ducks and we began to feel we were going to have really hot weather. Off again about 9.30, practice at the golf net, and then Gibraltar! The first sight of the rock seemed quite unreal—like something out of a picture-book, but by 11 o'clock we were anchored in the harbour and at 12.45 off we went by tender to explore its mysteries. We hired a huge Delage and off we drove, in what seemed to us most dangerous fashion, on the wrong (right) side of the road, along narrow alley-ways, up steep inclines—skidding round corners, with something new to meet our eyes at every turn—beautiful gardens with purple bougainvillea, bright red hibiscus, vivid blue convolvulus, pale blue plumbago, curious semi-tropical plants and the homely marguerite, geranium and hollyhock—on to the shops, where we bargained rather vainly for a variety of things, and then back again to the ship—a bathe after tea in a rather stormy swimming-pool, and ping-pong after dinner. Mrs. Walker is, so far, our champion ping-pong player, with Mrs. Greenlees as a good runner-up."

IN the next instalment of the diary, deck tennis and such like are becoming eclipsed by the real lure of travel; here is the team arriving at Marseilles, "A very hot day, bright blue sea and sky—mist on the horizon, gradually grey cliffs emerging—Marseilles, the church of Notre Dame towering over the city and harbour, with high hills behind and the Chateau d'If lying below, tugs drawing us in—mooring to the quay and then—letters! How we all grabbed them—we might have been away for months—then up-to-date newspapers and we felt we were back in the world again.

"At lunch the Captain made himself known to us, bringing over a cable from the P. & O. agents at Bombay with a message from the Willingdon Club that the team were to play five selected gentlemen and were invited to dine at the Club after. The Captain promised to wireless acceptance from Port Said and when dinner came invited us to his table." The next day: "Nine of us left the ship at 10 a.m., entered two taxis and were driven to dreamland—Cassis is a most beautiful bay—reached by a road which winds by hairpin bends through the hills—no words can describe the blues and greens of the water, with the grape-clad hills beyond—the harbour with its many-coloured fishing boats, the houses with their soft, red-tiled roofs and green and blue shutters, and at one end a cliff rising sheer out of the sea. Wonderful bathing with raft canoes to add to the enjoyment—a marvellous French lunch out on the terrace of the Hotel Roches Blanches overlooking the bay, with cigales chirruping all around us, and a wonderful drive back by a different road, made us all feel we had been to wonderland for the day." A peep out of the porthole at 5 a.m. showed Marseilles slowly receding into the distance. Twelve hours later the coasts of Corsica and then Sardinia came into sight and they passed through the Straits of Bonifacio.

Lucky dogs!

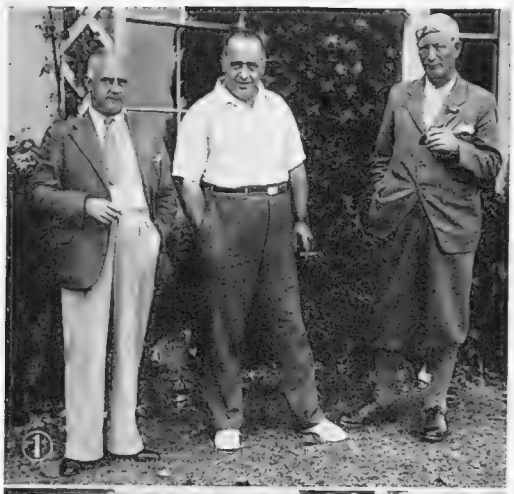
Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

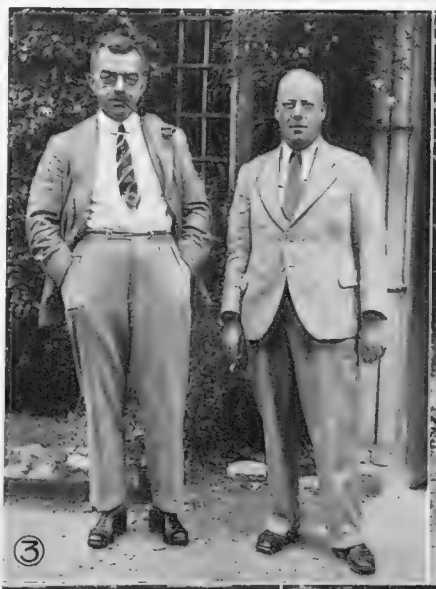
Golf Clubs At Home

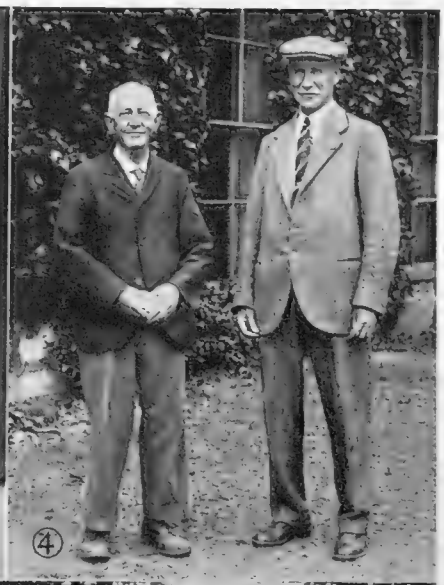
Barnehurst Golf Club, Kent

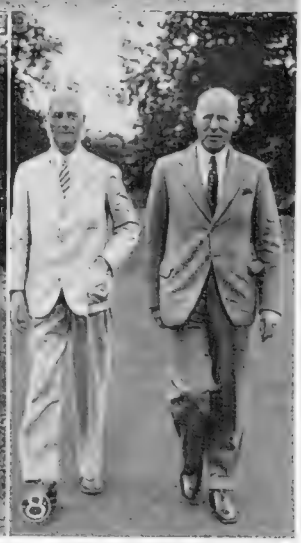
The Lovely Club-house Is Over Three Hundred Years Old

(1) Dr. Gray Holms, Philip T. Goldney (ex-captain), O. M. Keevil (committee). (2) A. J. Randall (committee), H. E. Midgley (ex-captain and committee), Dr. F. McConnell Thomson. (3) D. E. Thomas, the captain, and E. L. Shawcross, the secretary. (4) J. A. Johnston (ex-captain, and one of the oldest members), M. W. Tidd. (5) Dr. A. Mair, B. Macmin (committee), S. Taylor, A. K. Horan, L. Bates, the pro. (6) Dr. W. A. Rogerson (ex-captain), T. Chilton Lewis. (7) H. Randon, A. R. Gilchrist. (8) Cecil Jenkins, F. H. Gaylard









The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Victorian Women

By A. G. Macdonell

An altogether delightful book, full of wit and wisdom, of plain talking and clear thinking, comes from the house of Heinemann. It is called *Feminine Attitudes in the Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. C. Willett Cunnington (12*s.* 6*d.*). Certainly it was a century of Attitudes. Women had only one career—Marriage—and in order to rise to the top of their tree, they had to make an intensive study of their market, so to speak. In modern jargon, they had to overcome sales-resistance in the pushing of their wares, their wares being, of course, themselves. The century started with a long war, and a long aftermath of war, and that has only meant one thing throughout the ages—a shortage of men, and therefore a shortage of husbands, and therefore intense competition. After every war feminine fashions become more daring, more openly provoking, until a return to equilibrium has been attained. Then, in the nineteenth century, came the Romantic Revival of the 'thirties, brought on by Scott and Byron on one side of the Channel, and by Victor Hugo on the other, and so to Victoria and the wave of Virtue and Sentiment. Dr. Cunnington summarises each decade with an almost cruel brilliance. Of domestic service in the 'fifties, he says: "It was deplorable that the Lower Orders would not remain quiet in that station in life in which it had pleased the Victorian God to place them. It almost seemed that religion was wasted on them."

And his book is full of these flashes. He takes us through "The Revolting '60's" to "The Ornamental '70's," in which "a noticeable feature among married women was the increased consumption of alcohol," and thence to the '80's, with their irresistible craving for the feathers of dead birds, their bustles, their Girton Girls, their tennis, archery, and even cricket, and their paving of the way for the outburst of the 'nineties.

Dr. Cunnington is nothing if not provocative. He goes gallantly tilting against conventional ideas on every page, and many a Victorian heart will palpitate with indignation at this monstrous iconoclast. But even the most indignant Victorian will not be able to ring a bell and order a footman to take away the loathesome object and destroy it before she has read it through from first page to last. It is a long time since I enjoyed a book so much.

Lives of great men almost always remind us how very much better they might have been written. Great biographies are very rare, good ones nearly as scarce. Mrs. Jessie Conrad's story of the domestic life of her husband, *Joseph Conrad and His Circle* (Jarrold's; 18*s.*), is extremely difficult to place in the scale. It certainly is not an attempt to assess his character, nor to give us an idea of how he wrote, or what he felt like when he was writing, or what he talked about in between his spells of intense labour. On the other hand, its artless prattle does occasionally throw a ray of light upon that complex mind, though I am not sure how often the ray is thrown unconsciously. Joseph Conrad must have been an extraordinarily difficult man to live with, moody, irritable, often racked with gout, extravagant, nervy, and yet, with it all, unmistakeably and completely a great genius. If ever there was an example of what used to be called in the 'nineties the artistic temperament, it was this fantastic Polish seaman. He had no control over himself except in his writings, which are as severely disciplined as anything Flaubert ever wrote and polished and re-polished. In his private life he seems to have been a sort of eccentric schoolboy.

Mrs. Conrad has certainly given us some vivid sketches of this enigmatic man, but her book is spoilt by excessive padding, and a vast deal of pointless anecdote that has nothing to do with her subject. Incidentally, I am astonished to find that *The Rescue* was finished in about 1902. It was not published till 1920. But as Mrs. Conrad does not even mention the making of such mighty works as *Nostromo*, *Lord Jim*, *The Arrow of Gold*, and *Chance*, and as she twice miscalls *Under Western Eyes*, perhaps she may have been mistaken about the date. If not, it would be very interesting to know why the manuscript was kept hidden for so long.

A Pair of Sitwells

Osbert Sitwell and his sister, Edith, were imposing representatives of the literary world at the Royal Garden Party last month. And what a family likeness there is about their sardonic regard for the peering onlookers among whom they stepped. . . .

"Keep Away from Water" (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is an excellent thriller by Miss Alice Campbell. It is a little on the lines of A. E. W. Mason, but it is none the worse for that. A rich, elderly lady is being terrified out of her wits by threatening letters. That is the theme, and a capital one it is. Taking a girl companion, she flies to the Riviera, and the most alarming things begin to happen at once. People are poisoned right and left, and at last the threats materialise and the poor old lady herself is murdered. The story advances excitingly to a fierce and bloodthirsty climax, and everything comes out all right in the end. This is a thriller worth reading if you are a reader of thrillers.

"So *That's* What I Do" (Methuen; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is an original book on golf by Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Robert Lewis. It consists of a large number of photographs of "how not to do it," and the idea is that the seeker after truth examines each photograph and then looks bravely down into his own soul and says "Do I do that?" If he can lay his hand on his heart and answer the question in the negative, he passes on to the next one. And if he answers the question in the negative all the way through the book, then he is either a super-golfer or does not play the game at all. It is a very interesting idea. So many of the mistakes illustrated in the photographs are grotesque and elementary, that I fancy this book is more useful to the long handicapper than to the short, but, nevertheless, there is food for thought for everyone. The only trouble is that an inferiority complex may be induced by it. After a careful study of the photographs, I have discovered that with each stroke I make eighty-seven mistakes, and have done so for at least thirty years.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

A study in lagoon blue and smoke grey is seen on the right. It is carried out in a soft, fancy wool material and comes from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The coat is three-quarter length, with a becoming collar enriched with grey lamb. The latter is repeated in the amusing kangaroo-pouch pockets belonging to the frock. This is cut on simple lines with a semi-flared skirt and long, tight sleeves. The Peter Pan collar is inset, and the buttons are fancy cut chromium, also the buckle on the belt. A note of originality is introduced by the pink and blue striped angora scarf which accompanies it

Lenare

Beauty Secrets From Bond Street Revealed

For many months women have been discussing "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," and now the veil is drawn aside and a lovely casket packed with Yardley's exquisite preparations is revealed. The way to beauty is described in the accompanying booklet, and briefly it is this: at night the skin should be thoroughly cleansed with Yardley soap and lukewarm water. An excellent way is to make a generous lather, massage it well into the skin, then rinse off first with warm water, then with cold to make the skin firm again. Then take some English Complexion Cream and gently massage it into the face and neck with an upward and outward movement. During the day a lot of impurities will have burrowed their way deep into the pores, and so, loaded with these, the cream will rise to the surface. After removing it with a tissue, soak a pad of cotton wool with Toning Lotion and lightly pat the face. This will banish any remaining dirt or cream, at the same time contracting open pores and restoring the circulation. Yardley Skin Food for nourishing the tissues and strengthening the muscles should be generously applied last thing and left on all night. In the morning it will all have vanished leaving the skin firm and clear. Then, before powdering, smooth on a little foundation cream, so that powder and rouge will cling evenly, giving a velvety bloom to the skin

From one generation to another . . .

1837 & 1914 (*simultaneously*) :
"Where *did* you get that frock ? "
1837 & 1914 (*each with hauteur*) :
"At Marshall & Snelgrove's, of course ! "

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Throughout the years Marshall & Snelgrove's have rigidly adhered to these principles and because of this they have been privileged to serve many families through two and even three generations.

To-day the reputation of the house stands higher than ever before; it is the one place in London where traditional quality meets the newest whims of the mode.

We should like to make you, too, a Marshall and Snelgrove customer and as a first step, we suggest a visit to our Blouse Shop on the First Floor. The distinctive Washing Shirt illustrated is in corded moracain, perfectly designed and finished. In Navy/White, Nigger/White, Cherry/White, Light Blue/White. In sizes 13½ to 14½ priced at twenty-nine shillings and sixpence.

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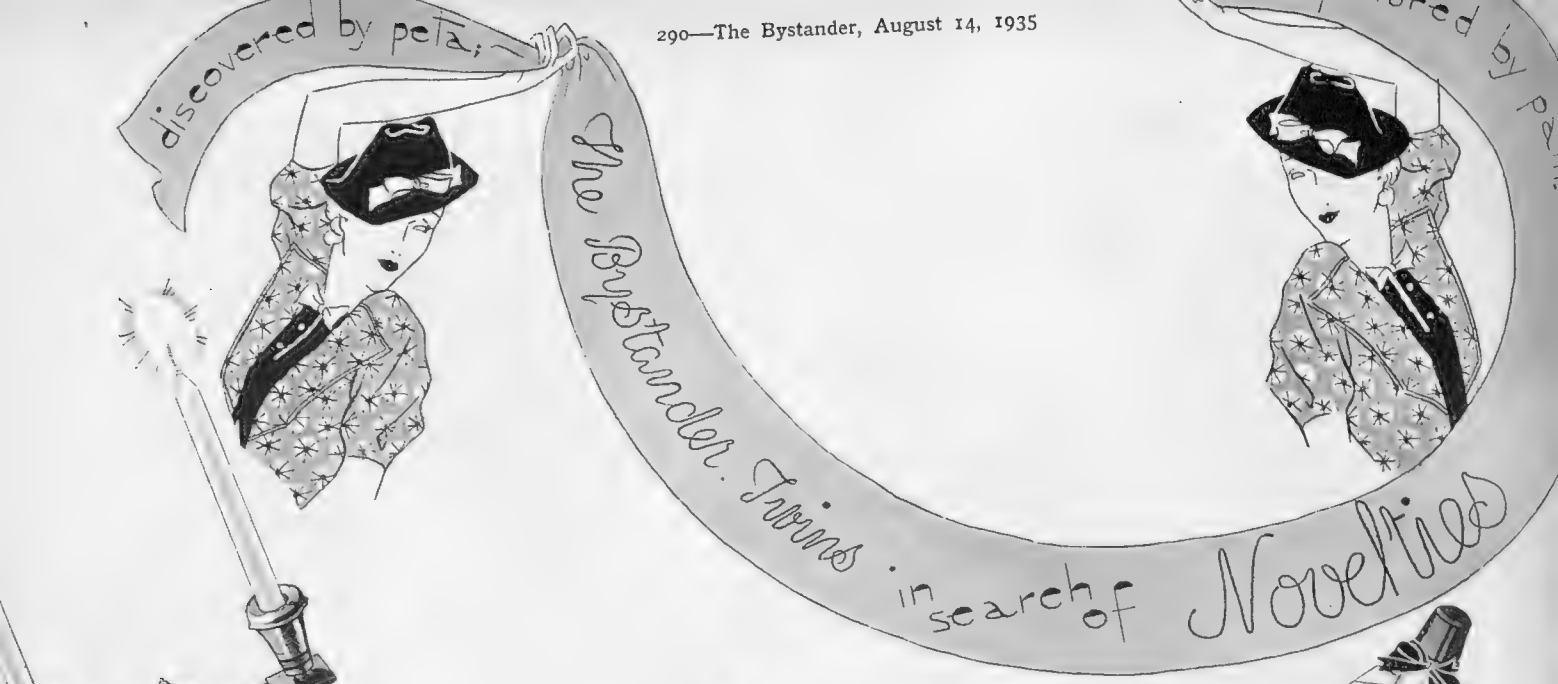
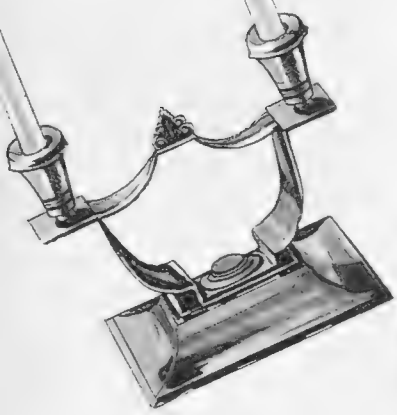
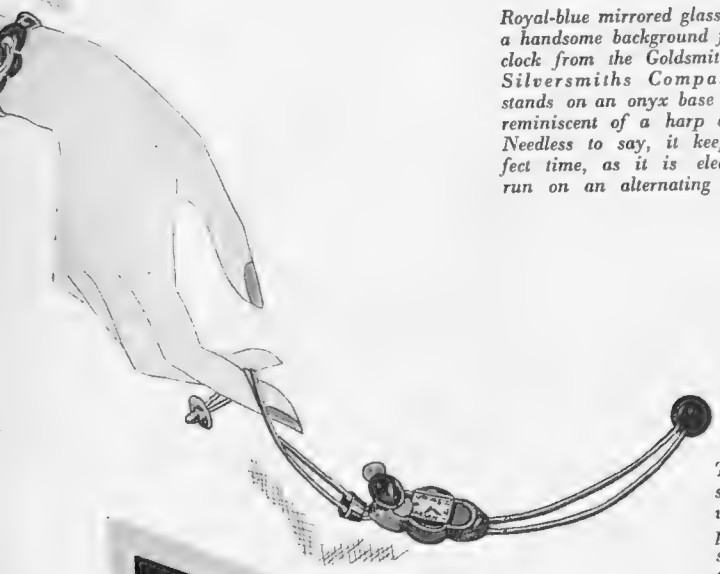




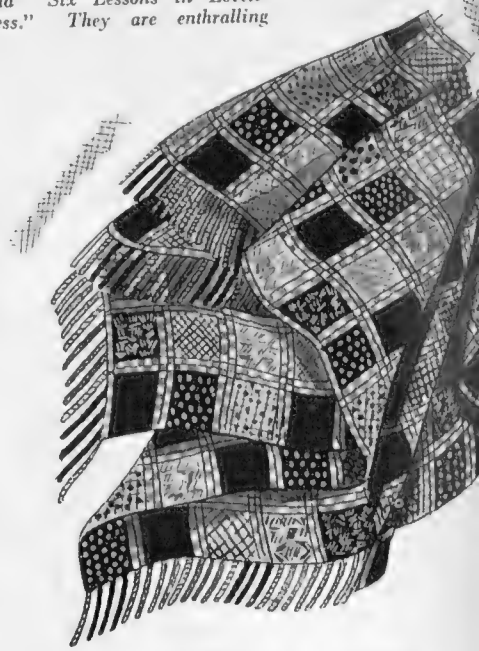
This modern candelabra is very decorative, especially on a polished table. It is silver and may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. There are others in a similar design with three lights

Royal-blue mirrored glass makes a handsome background for this clock from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. It stands on an onyx base and is reminiscent of a harp or lyre. Needless to say, it keeps perfect time, as it is electrically run on an alternating current

Here is a trio of Cyclax preparations: namely, Braceine Skin Tonic, Sunburn Lotion, and Soap. Everyone is talking about them on account of their excellence, so write to 58, South Molton Street for further details and "Six Lessons in Loveliness." They are enthralling



The wrist-watch on the left is specially designed for wearing with tweeds. The frame is polished wood, and a coloured stone set in silver protects the face. It may be seen in the Gift Department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly



Whether one is travelling by land, sea or air, a light-weight tweed rug should always be included in the luggage. This one is pure wool with a gay check design. It costs 25s. 6d. from Fortnum and Mason

Many new ideas in accessories are to be seen at Fortnum and Mason On the left is a smoker's set in white crocodile edged with gilt. The cigarette case is an unusual shape, and very practical as it is easily carried

Vincent Stoneham, Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador in Paris, and H. O. Hobson looking at the Silver Jubilee Cup which was played for at Le Touquet during the August Bank Holiday week-end

Prince Pierre of Monaco was one of the Le Touquet golfers

Another Le Touquet golf course snapshot is of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wyndham; he is the well-known theatrical manager

The Golfing Jamboree

By J. S. F. Morrison

THE jamboree at St. Anne's-on-Sea, where play took place over the links of the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's Club, the venue of this year's Amateur Championship, will be over by the time these lines appear in print, and Scotland, represented by not quite her best team, will probably have defeated England, represented by nothing like her best team. These International matches are organised by the Golf Unions and Golfing Unions of the British Isles and might be of some interest and benefit to the game if they were played at a time when the various countries could be represented by their best teams. It is strange how it came about I do not know) that England and Scotland possess Golf Unions, while the official titles of the similar organisations in Wales and Ireland are Golfing Unions.

I do not think we will ever again see a real golf match between England and Scotland until the old date: namely, the Saturday before the Amateur Championship, is again fixed for this event. The only reason I can see why this match is not played on the old date is because, at an amateur championship, the officials of the various unions are small fry, while, when they have a meeting of their own, like this one just played at St. Anne's, they are big bugs and can appear in all their glory and rosettes.

THE Selectors of the English team carried out their duties with the efficiency which we usually associate with Selection Committees. How any sane body of men with any knowledge of golf and golfers could leave out two of the best players of the year, I really cannot understand; I refer to P. H. F. White and P. B. Lucas. These two young golfers were prevented by their scholastic duties, one teaching and the other supposed to be learning, from competing in the Amateur Championship, and this, apparently, must be the reason why they were not asked to play at St. Anne's.

PAT WHITE, in the Halford Hewitt Cup Meeting at Deal, played better than any of the other 299 players taking part, and, what is still more important, when a vital shot had to be played he, on more than one occasion, produced a super-shot. One of these shots, played when the whole result appeared likely to hang on it, was so brilliant that Halford Hewitt himself, on his return to the club-house, sat on a sofa and kept murmuring to himself for ten minutes, "Wonderful! Wonderful!" In the Oxford versus Cambridge match in 1933 at Prince's, Sandwich, White and Cecil Middleton (Oxford) produced some of the best golf ever seen in these matches, and halved after they had both completed 36 holes in very near an average of fours. I do not think that there is any doubt that these two performances alone prove that White is not only a very good player, but also that he possesses what is so essential in a prospective international golfer, the big match temperament. In the series of trial matches played at Woodhall Spa in June this year he met with one defeat in two days' play, and was very possibly not in full practice.

A friend of mine, whose opinion I value, when these trial matches were being played at Woodhall Spa, told one of the officials of the English Union that he must go out and watch White play and also that he could not possibly be left out of the side. The official's reply to my friend on his return to the club-house was: "I do not think much of White; he stands like a caddie boy." It is difficult to think of a more stupid criticism of a golfer. Whether a player stands like a financier or a blacksmith and how he grips the club do not matter a rap so long as he produces good shots and keeps on producing them.

P. B. LUCAS last winter season had one of the best records for a leader of a University side against the many Walker Cup and International golfers who lead the golf clubs in the London area. During the last year he has broken the record of several courses and was the leading British amateur in the Open Championship at Muirfield. Lucas finished twenty-third in the Open, and would have been considerably higher on the final list if he had not taken 81 shots for his last round. The last round in the Open is not very interesting or exciting, except to those who have a chance of winning. Lucas's first three rounds in the Open of 74, 73 and 72, following his other magnificent performances on the golf course, most certainly should have won him a place in the so-called English International Team.

The Assistants' Tournament

DAI J. REES (Surbiton G.C.), who was beaten in the final of the *Daily Mirror* Assistants' Tournament last year by R. L. Porter, who is now a fully fledged professional, won the similar event this year, when the competition was played over the links of the St. Anne's Old Links Golf Club. Rees returned cards of 71, 70, 73 and 70, a very fine performance for a young golfer who has not up to the present time had very much experience of big golf. Last year the conditions of this competition were different; then 64 players qualified by medal play over 36 holes at Wentworth, 18 holes on the East Course, and 18 holes on the long and testing West Course to play off by match play. I am sorry to see this change in the conditions of this very worthy competition, as I prefer to see man versus man rather than 72 holes medal play, which are the conditions under which the Open Championship is played and in which all assistants can play.

Since the final last year Rees has left the Whitchurch Golf Club, Glamorganshire, and taken up an appointment at Surbiton, so that he should now have a good opportunity to improve his game, as everyone knows it is easier to get good opponents in the London area than in any other part of the country, and nothing improves your game so much as playing with good players. W. J. Cox (Addington G.C.), who has already been selected for the Ryder Cup team, proved that in his case the Selectors have made no error, by finishing second and by returning a card of 68 in the last round, which failed to catch Rees by a solitary shot, but gave him the satisfaction of equalling the record of the green.

Cars with a Personality

The New "V-8" Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

The new "V-8" Ford is a car of substantial size, and the chassis is so designed as to leave ample room for coachwork. The eight-cylinder engine, being built in "V" form, is unusually compact

Radio equipment is an extra, but a very pleasant one. The Ford installation gives excellent results, and is exceedingly simple to operate

In a great many respects, the "V-8" Ford has been, from its inception, one of the most remarkable cars on the road. The need for improving its performance can hardly have been apparent to the general public. Nevertheless, a number of improvements have recently been made, on the results of which the Ford Motor Company may justly congratulate itself.

The engine, for example, is now more powerful than ever, while retaining the delightful quality of being able to develop its power without resorting to excessively high "revs." To my mind, it is an enormous asset to be able to cruise comfortably—as with the "V-8" one can—at a good 60 m.p.h., what time the engine turns over at an almost leisurely pace. The top-gear ratio is approximately 4 to 1, as compared with the 5 to 1 which is now usual in this country.

The rated horse-power remains at 30, but a maximum speed of about 85 m.p.h. can now be reached. In second gear, 60 m.p.h. can be exceeded, which compares well with the third-gear performance of many four-speed cars. The Ford has only three forward ratios, and really seems to require no more. The degree of flexibility is quite remarkable, as is also the rate of acceleration, and it is very seldom indeed that any change of gear is necessary.

Another improvement concerns weight distribution. The engine is now placed right forward, almost over the front axle, and the passengers therefore sit more nearly within the wheel-base. This means that the springing, by transverse springs, is more comfortable, and the car also is more stable on the road. Although intentionally not built on "sporting" lines, this Ford model remains very steady at high speeds, and can be handled at all times with confidence.

The coachwork is roomier, the front seat in particular being wider than formerly. There is plenty of leg-room, and the amount of head-room is also ample. Beginners may regret that neither front wing is visible from the driving-seat, but the controls are excellently placed. Cloth upholstery is standard, although leather can be substituted at an extra cost of £5.

The steering is decidedly good, and has just a nice amount of self-centring action. The brakes are efficient, and notable for their smoothness. Indeed, the mechanical excellence of the chassis is such that one wonders how it can be sold for a mere £190.

The price of the saloon de luxe, with four doors, is no more than £240—and this again is an exceptional figure, when one considers that this car comes definitely into the 80 m.p.h. class. In its latest form, the "V-8" is more than ever calculated to increase the number of Ford enthusiasts.

Above, right: the back seat is really comfortable, and is wide enough to carry three people. The amount of leg-room is generous, even with the front seat pushed fairly well back

Right: this engine is perhaps the outstanding feature of the car. Its compactness is clearly evident, and its power output is quite remarkable. It gives a wonderful all-round performance without resorting to excessive "revs"

Fred Perry has gone to America on the Berengaria, to play exhibition matches in Canada and defend his singles title in New York. He shook hands with the engine-driver of the boat-train that carried him off from Waterloo

Saying Good-bye..

Some Go to Work and Some Go to Play

Above: Lew Leslie, who produced "Blackbirds," has gone to New York to find a new show for London. Gillian Maude, Cyril Maude's niece, saw him off from Waterloo

Left: Ramsay MacDonald has gone to Lossiemouth, plus Jock, his dog, and Sheila, his daughter. Paddy Naismith saw them off, and Sir Derwent Hall-Caine flew them North in his aeroplane

Below: Gladys Cooper has gone to New York for an autumn season on Broadway. Her daughters, Sally Pearson and Joan Buckmaster, have gone with her

Stanley Baldwin has gone with Mrs. Baldwin for his usual holiday at Aix-les-Bains. Here he is at Victoria before he left on a Pullman train

A Matinée Performance

C. Aubrey Smith bats for the Actors against the Musicians in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, in the annual match at Hampstead, while B. Walton O'Donnell keeps wicket. Years before he rose to film stardom, Aubrey Smith played regularly for Sussex, and was nicknamed "Round-the-Corner" Smith

An Amateur Event

P. H. Jackson (left), of the London Rowing Club, and his opponent, E. H. Wingate (Vesta R.C.), whom he beat in the final of the Amateur Sculling Championship of the Thames — the Wingfield Sculls. Rowed over the full Boat Race course from Putney to Mortlake, Jackson won by about a dozen lengths

Invadin

A. V. Reeve (left), of t S. Wooderson (Blackhe Mile Invitation Handic Park, Glasgow. Reeve w mark, and Wooderso scratch, broke the Sc

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

ONE of the most heartening things for a long time was to see that over 100,000 spectators attended the nine first-class cricket matches on August Bank Holiday. It would seem from this that, after all, cricket has derived some good from the publicity which it obtained through the "body line" bowling controversy.

Or is it, on second thoughts, a sign of the public's reaction after that long and dreary dispute? Maybe, tired of all the arguments and the bitterness of the bickering with the Australians, the man in the street has found some compensation in the placid atmosphere of county cricket.

I WAS at Canterbury to see Walter Hammond make his brilliant century off the bowling of Freeman and Co. And, as I sat there, I thought that it was in such festivals as the Canterbury Week that we find the true flavour of cricket. The ring of trees, the rippling conversation of the crowd, the crack of bat meeting ball — this is the real stuff of cricket.

Some 12,000 people must have been of the same mind on the Bank Holiday Monday, for the old St. Lawrence ground was crowded. And again, at Derby, the previous gate record—set up in 1923—was broken. Derbyshire, indeed, are having a truly prosperous season, for they have not only won a dozen matches but have, generally, had a welcome increase in gate receipts. The reason for this is plain: Derbyshire are playing real forcing cricket these days. They are eager to secure the victory, but they do not mind taking a gamble—and the risk of defeat into the bargain.

THIS is the spirit of cricket. And, I believe, the counties generally are at last becoming aware of the fact. They are realising that, in these days of high-speed sport, the public will not tolerate dry-as-dust stuff, mere wars of attrition, but want forcing play with a match hanging in the balance.

And, by the way, Yorkshire are drawing the crowds just now. Witness the 27,000 people who came along to see the second day of the match with the traditional

Racing in Comfort

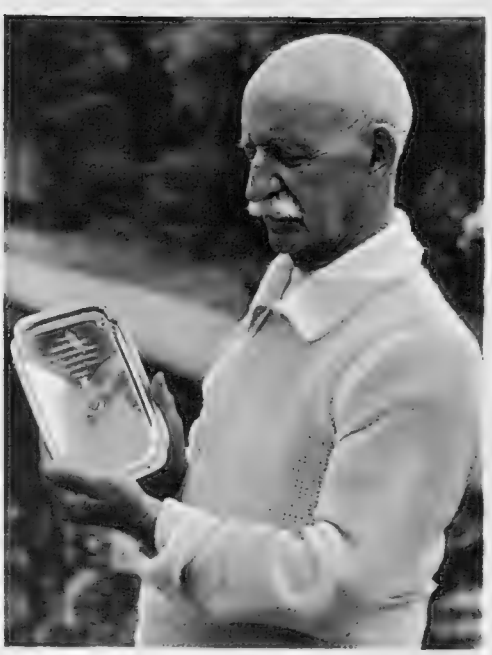
A scene on one of the attractive lawns between races at Northolt Park, where the stands, lounges, bars, and other appointments are the acme of comfort. The next fixture of importance is on August 26th, for which the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir has presented a handsome "British Empire Gold Cup" for the main race of that day. Racing takes place every week-end, and the spacious lawns, with their borders of bright flowers, make Northolt Park an ideal hot-weather rendezvous

the North

Polytechnic Harriers, and Harriers), who competed in the at the Rangers' sports at Ibrox the race from the 25-yards who finished third, from tish All-comers' record

Brooklands Duellists

Mrs. Kathleen Petre (left) being congratulated by Mrs. Gwenda Stewart after the former had put up a Brooklands lap record of 134·24 m.p.h. to her opponent's 133·67 m.p.h. Mrs. Petre was driving a Delage and Mrs. Stewart a supercharged Derby



A "Ducker" Celebration

Mr. James O'Brien Howe with the silver salver presented to him by thirty-two Old Harrovian M.P.s, including the Prime Minister. It commemorates his fifty years as swimming instructor at Harrow

" enemy," Lancashire, at Bradford. And, had the ground been bigger, more people would have been present: as it was, the gates had to be closed.

Yet again, one of the "Cinderella" counties—Glamorgan—had 17,000 spectators for their match with the South Africans at Swansea. The size of the crowd was a tribute to the attractive play of our visitors. At last, it would seem, the cricket follower is waking up to the fact that these South African fellows are pretty nearly as good to watch as the Australians.

So, cricket is booming. And so is athletics. For instance, there was a 50,000 crowd on the big "Soccer" ground at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, the other day. What did they come for? Mainly, I am sure, to watch Jack Lovelock in yet another personal duel with S. C. Wooderson, the young Blackheath Harrier. Well, they got their money's-worth all right, for Wooderson, running a perfectly-judged race, confirmed his previous victory over Lovelock in the A.A.A. Championships at the White City.

Now, I heard only yesterday someone make the remark that Lovelock was past his best. I do not subscribe to that view. I believe that the little New Zealander has, temporarily, lost his "edge"—don't forget that he has a pretty strenuous time at St. Mary's Hospital, where he is a medical student—but that he will come back in the end.

After all, I seem to remember that, about three years ago, Jerry Cornes looked to have Lovelock's measure. But we all know what happened: Lovelock eventually went on to more glorious triumphs both here and in the United States.

Whatever we may think about the Wooderson-Lovelock situation, however, one thing stands out: it is that these two brilliant milers are doing much to put athletics right back on the map. They have captured the imagination of the crowd, just as Glen Cunningham and "Bill" Bonthron stirred Americans into following athletics much more closely.

This is all to the good. The Ibrox Park "gallery" mainly came along to see Lovelock and Wooderson in action. They stayed to cheer some brilliant running by Roberts and Finlay and the rest.

And now to the big-fight game, with a thought for Max Baer's surprise decision to make a ring return against Joe Louis, the Bible-reading, coloured heavy-weight. Many months ago, I was told by an American fight expert that Louis looked like a world-beater; and I passed on the news to you exclusively. Since then, Louis has gone a long way, for his victories over Primo Carnera and Levinsky were clear-cut affairs.

Now, how will he fare against the swashbuckling Maxie Baer? I take him to win—and, maybe, by a knock-out. Truth is, Baer hurt his hands rather badly when he fought James Braddock for the world's championship. He may find the old trouble recurring when he faces Louis in New York next month.

And, in any case, if we take a line on the way the men fared against Primo Carnera, we must, obviously, plump for the coloured heavy-weight. There was no gainsaying his victory over the big Italian. But Baer's success was rather less spectacular: indeed, an American at the ringside told me that he believed Carnera was worth at least a draw.

Should Louis win, then, I suppose, he will consider himself in line for a crack at Braddock's world title. But will he be given this chance? As I said in these columns a few weeks back, there is an anti-negro feeling growing in American boxing circles, and if there is a way to side-track Louis, then it will be exploited.

Nearer home we find the British Boxing Board of Control seeking purse offers for an Eddie Phillips-Len Harvey battle, the winner to meet Jack Petersen for the British heavy-weight championship. When this contest comes off we should see quite a good show, for Phillips is an eager young man who has long been waiting his chance to get into the heavy-weight championship argument.

Harvey, who is always pretty nearly fighting fit—no boxer takes more care of himself between fights—would look to be the winner. He is, in my opinion, much the most skilful man we have in British boxing to-day. More, he has been steadily building up his frame, so that he would probably have a weight advantage. In any case, I have rather a hope that we shall see Harvey get the opportunity of a "rubber" match with Petersen.

Surrey's Skipper *Bassano*

E. R. T. Holmes, who captains Surrey C.C.C. so successfully. He will lead the M.C.C. team which is to tour New Zealand next winter

The King's Cup and the "Hornet" Moth: By Charles Ward

Left: Lord Sudeley, who flies at Heston, receiving some words of advice from Captain B. A. Davy, one of the instructors at the Airwork School. Heston is rapidly becoming the busiest airport in England, with services radiating to all parts of the country

Below: Mr. G. R. Hall-Caine, M.P., seated in his 1½-litre Adler. He has recently taken up flying, following the lead of his brother, Sir D. Hall-Caine, who is an experienced owner-pilot

News from Hatfield

DE HAVILLAND'S have again been given the job of organising the King's Cup Race at Hatfield, which takes place on September 6th and 7th. This race is the only classic in the aviation calendar of the year. An innovation on the second day will be racing by twenty of the fastest machines together over the final non-stop course of 350 miles, consisting of seven laps of a fifty-mile circuit. Turning-points apart from Hatfield will be Broxbourne Aerodrome, in Essex, and the R.A.F. Station at Henlow. As this is in the nature of a Jubilee race, a very large crowd is expected, and de Havilland's have made special arrangements both for accommodation and catering. Trade at Hatfield is brisk. The advent of the "Hornet" Moth has given a fresh impetus to private flying. It has a cruising speed of 111 miles an hour, a perfect view, control by stick alone, room for plenty of luggage, and folding wings so that it can be garaged alongside the family car. In other words, it is the aeroplane for everyone who can afford comfort combined with speed and safety, priced at £875—complete in every detail. Both the de Havilland "Express" and the "Rapide" illustrate the extent to which the British aircraft designer has succeeded in combining high speed with load-carrying capacity and economical operation. The "Express" has a top speed of 170 m.p.h., and will maintain height on any three engines at 13,500 feet. The "Rapide," a development of the standard "Dragon," of which more than one hundred are in daily use all over the world, cruises at 136, and has a ceiling of 4500 feet on one engine.

Personalities in the Air

MR. G. R. HALL-CAINE, who has been Member for E. Dorset for twelve-and-a-half years, has taken up flying. He is brother of Sir D. Hall-Caine, one of our best-known owner-pilots. The latter flew Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and daughter to Lossiemouth at the beginning of the month in his "Leopard" Moth. The two brothers share the private aerodrome at Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man. Two married couples are learning to fly at Heston. Captain and Mrs. Kyle are competing with each other for first solo, and at the time of going to press, husband is two lessons ahead of wife in point of time. The second couple, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kohn, from Czechoslovakia, are taking the advanced course. H.H. the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir has made Heston his flying headquarters, using a "Dragon" or a Spartan "Cruiser" for most of his travelling to play polo. General A. C. Critchley, M.P., has been using a Birkett air-taxi for business travel. The Miles "Merlin," one of Birkett's fleet, made the double trip to Inverness in a day—900 miles in 6¾ hours' flying time. The passenger was a lawyer wanting a signature to some papers required urgently in London. The Duchess of Bedford has bought a "Gull" with a Gipsy VI., in exchange for her green Puss Moth, winner of many prizes at Concours d'Elégances. The British Empire Cancer Campaign profited considerably by the aerial garden-party organised at Aldenham by Aircraft Exchange and Mart. Captain C. J. Pooley was in charge of flying.

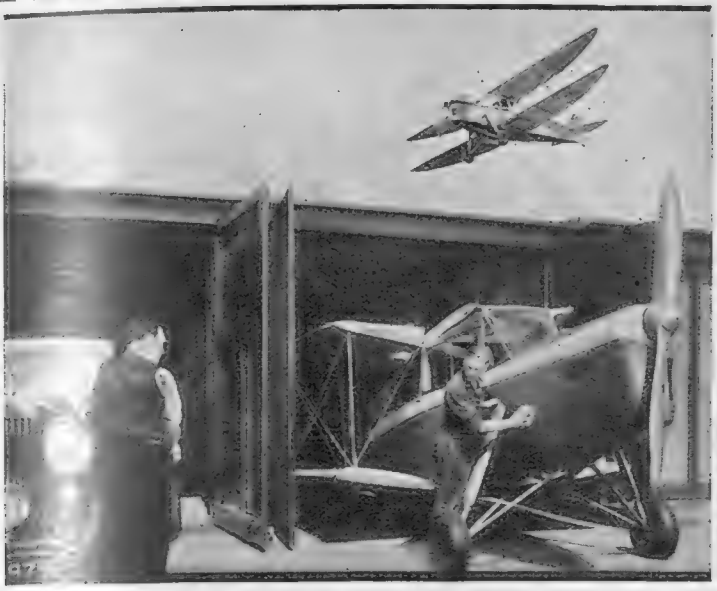
"Mew Gull" Wins French Trophy

IN a reference to entries for the King's Cup made on this page in our issue of July 31st, there was an error in regard to the "Mew Gull" which Captain Edgar Percival will fly for the Duke of Kent. It was in a standard "Gull," and not in the "Mew Gull," that the designer flew to Africa and back, 2300 miles in 14½ hours, which, together with a stop for business and breakfast in Oran of 2½ hours, made a total of 17 hours for the return trip. The machine was, in every respect but one, a standard three-seater, including all accessories and navigation lights, plus an additional petrol-tank in place of one of the passenger seats. The "Mew Gull" has distinguished itself in France by carrying off the Coupe Armand Esders, the premier race for aircraft with a Certificate of Airworthiness. The machine was flown by the Comte de Chateaubrun over the course Deauville-Cannes-Deauville, and won with a comfortable margin at 188 m.p.h. Incidentally, the first prize, in addition to the Cup, was one hundred thousand francs—a pleasant round figure that made the entry well worth while. This is a distinct contrast to the corresponding race in England, for which, but for the repeated generosity of Lord Wakefield, there would be no money prizes worth counting. Isn't it time for the Air Ministry to vote something in support of air racing, which undoubtedly has led to great advances in design? The Schneider Trophy competitions and last year's race to Australia are sufficiently fresh in memory to prove this point.

Overheard on the Airway

I HEARD an amusing story from one of Imperial Airways' pilots, home on leave from the Middle East. A "Hannibal," outward bound from Egypt to India, was carrying as steward one who had arrived quite recently from Europe, and was not completely au fait with the local ropes. The liner landed at Koweit, on the Arabian coast, where the Customs officer called for the "ship's papers." The pilot turned to the steward with the remark that he must hurry, as their stop was only for a few minutes. The steward rushed into the cabin and was seen feverishly searching tables, chairs, and hat-racks, reappearing in a few minutes with the BYSTANDER, the *Aeroplane*, and *Razzle*. Whether the Arabian Customs officer was induced to sign the subscription form in all three papers is not known!

HORNET MOTH



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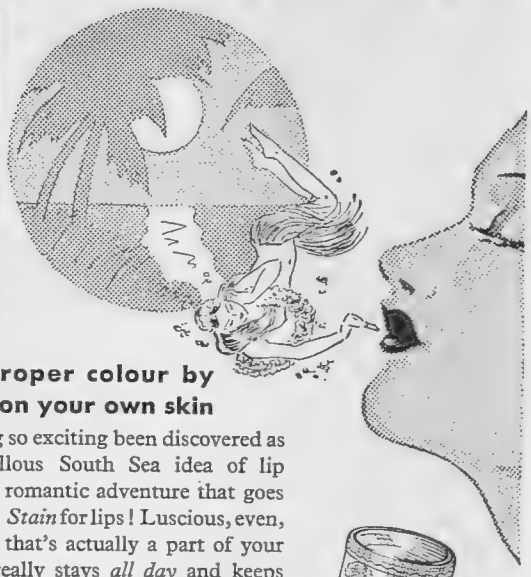

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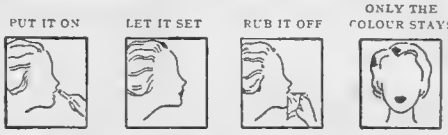

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There is a rich glow about Louis Phillipe lipstick which suggests a rose. It is never hard or artificial, but accentuates the natural colour of the lips. In the new one-hand automatic, it costs 7s. 6d., while it is also available for 4s. 6d. in a screw container

The Art of Make-Up

MAKE-UP is an art which should be carefully studied, as there are so many things to be remembered, and unless it is well done the whole effect of natural beauty is lost. Before starting, it is well to look in the glass and decide which features are best, and then proceed to accentuate them so that any remaining weak points may pass unnoticed. The lips are always important as beauty of expression comes from the mouth as well as the eyes. Hard lines and harsh colourings should be avoided, and in the case of a large mouth, lipstick should be used sparingly, and the corners never accentuated. After years of experimenting, Louis Phillipe has succeeded in creating a lipstick which, instead of forming a kind of veneer, sinks right into the lips and merges itself with the natural colour. The best way of using it is to apply a little at a time and then massage it in with the finger-tips. This will produce a smooth, vivid surface which will last throughout the day or evening. It is available in several shades, including "Poppy," for the fair-haired woman, and "Pandora" for the brunette. The latter is a rich red which suggests the Orient. The simplest way, however, is to send for samples from a chemist or hairdresser, as it is essential to have at least two shades, one for day and one for evening.

Poudre Angelus Calligenique

IT was the custom fifty years ago to use rice powder, which was frequently home-made. Sometimes flour of oatmeal was substituted, but, in either case, the question of sifting was never seriously considered, and consequently many people suffered from enlarged pores. To-day, however, every powder is reduced to a state of molecular fineness. This is particularly so in the case of Louis Phillipe's Poudre Angelus calligenique, which is specially sifted so that it seems to be a part of the actual bloom of the skin. It clings by delicate penetration of the skin cells, and creates a lovely matt surface which lasts for hours. Being "calligenique," it cannot clog or choke the pores; instead, the complexion is protected against cold winds, rain, and harmful sun rays. It is discreetly perfumed, and is obtainable practically everywhere at 4s. 6d. a box.

What's On *(Continued from page x)*

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT: Bach-Handel Concert; Harold Samuel plays Bach's Piano Concerto No. 1; Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 4.

AUGUST 15TH: Debussy-Ravel Concert, including Debussy's La Mer; Ravel's Piano Concerto (Marcelle Meyer); Maggie Teyte sings.

AUGUST 16TH: Beethoven Concert; Symphony No. 6; Piano Concerto No. 5 (Solomon); Heddle Nash sings.

AUGUST 17TH: Mixed programme, including Sibelius' Symphony No. 7, Grieg's Piano Concerto in A minor (Leff Pouishnoff).

AUGUST 18TH: Wagner Concert, with Stiles-Allen and Harold Williams to sing.

AUGUST 19TH: Mozart-Haydn Concert; Haydn's Symphony No. 92; Mozart's Symphony No. 38, and Violin Concerto No. 4 (Orrea Pernel).

EXHIBITIONS

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF OILS AND WATER-COLOURS.—John, Nash, Gill Sickert, etc.: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

PAINTINGS BY BRITISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS.—Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's.

NATIONAL RADIO EXHIBITION: Olympia, August 14th-24th.

SPORT

CRICKET. — Essex v. South Africa: Southend, August 14th-16th.

England v. South Africa (Fifth Test Match): Oval, August 17th, 19th, 20th.

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Dancing to Percy Chandler's band in the pool-side ballroom eevry night; restaurant and pool open all night.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—Pool-side restaurant and large new swimming-pool open all night.

AMWELL CLUB, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.—Restaurant, swimming-pool, golf, tennis, and garden with children's paddling-pool and fountains.

BIRCH HOTEL, Haywards Heath.—Picturesque swimming-pool with improved type of filtration and lovely garden.

BLUE POOL, Camberley.—Restaurant, swimming, lovely surroundings; ideal for sun-bathing.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming—but a smuggler's den!

KING'S HEAD, Horsham.—Although installed with modern equipment, still has the 1401 atmosphere; renowned for its cellars and genuine old-fashioned English fare.

MORRELL'S, West Wickham.—Dine and dance in the "Garden of England," nightly cabaret. Merlin Morgan and his music; swimming.

YE OLDE BELL HOTEL, Hurley Berks.—Tennis, golf, fishing, boating and bathing. Fully licensed and under personal supervision.

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — July Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. L. Mayer ..	Brocton Hall	80	17	63	74	11 below
Mrs. M. Haron ..	Huddersfield	87	18	69	77	8 "
Mrs. Wilcock ..	Oakdale	82	13	69	76	7 "
Miss S. Johnson ..	Stoke Poges	82	13	69	76	7 "
Mrs. E. E. Ainley ..	Huddersfield	85	15	70	77	7 "
Miss B. Webb ..	Robin Hood	84	15	69	76	7 "
Miss E. Hatfield ..	Beverley	81	16	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Roland Hilditch	West Lancs.	81	16	65	72	7 "
Miss J. Oakey ..	Nuneaton	80	17	63	70	7 "
Mrs. W. P. Scott ..	Birkdale	76	6	70	76	6 "
Mrs. H. Drury ..	Worksop	71	7	64	70	6 "
Miss S. M. Stroyan..	Worplesdon	79	9	70	76	6 "
Mrs. N. Maultby ..	Cleethorpes	79	13	66	72	6 "
Miss N. Barnard ..	Beverley	81	15	66	72	6 "
Mrs. F. Hill.. ..	Oakdale	86	16	70	76	6 "
Miss M. Greenwood	Wiltshire..	85	16	69	75	6 "
Miss A. Cook ..	West Lancs.	82	16	66	72	6 "
Mrs. J. H. Tate ..	Grimsby	86	17	69	75	6 "
Miss Whitehead ..	Addington Palace ..	85	17	68	74	6 "
Miss N. Watson ..	Lincoln	75	5	70	76	5 "
Miss C. Martin ..	St. Nicholas	69	4	65	70	5 "
Miss R. Foden ..	Brocton Hall	80	11	69	74	5 "
Miss J. Hunot ..	Royal Blackheath ..	80	11	69	74	5 "
Mrs. R. C. Tyler ..	Wallasey	83	13	70	75	5 "
Mrs. V. Wootton ..	Nuneaton	80	15	65	70	5 "
Mrs. A. M. Poole ..	North Worcestershire ..	82	16	66	71	5 "
Miss M. Henshall ..	Prestbury and Upton ..	88	17	71	76	5 "
Miss M. C. James ..	Olton	86	17	69	74	5 "
Miss E. Hargraves..	Buxton and High Peak..	85	17	68	73	5 "
Miss B. Lees ..	Huddersfield	77	4	73	77	4 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss B. Stevens ..	Shirley Park	96	35	61	75	14 below
Miss A. W. Brunt..	Willesley Park	91	27	64	77	13 "
Mrs. W. G. Murphy	Stanton-on-the-Wolds ..	91	32	59	72	13 "
Miss E. Gibbs ..	Lansdown	95	36	59	72	13 "
Mrs. Alston.. ..	Prestbury and Upton ..	97	33	64	76	12 "
Miss G. A. Harris ..	Old Manchester.. ..	95	35	60	72	12 "
Mrs. C. S. Makepeace	Pype Hayes	96	34	62	73	11 "
Mrs. Thraves ..	Stanton-on-the-Wolds ..	88	26	62	72	10 "
Mrs. Lloyd Lane ..	Ashford Manor	93	27	66	76	10 "

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss B. M. Goode..	Birstall	94	29	65	75	10 below
Mrs. U. Oldroyd ..	Grimsby	94	29	65	75	10 "
Mrs. W. H. Lord ..	Ringway	92	29	63	73	10 "
Miss G. Hodgson ..	Beverley and E. Riding..	94	32	62	72	10 "
Mrs. McBirney ..	Cuddington	99	33	66	76	10 "
Mrs. Rickerby ..	Carlisle City	96	33	63	73	10 "
Mrs. H. Heynes ..	Chigwell	100	36	64	74	10 "
Miss M. Crittenden..	Rugby	98	36	62	72	10 "
Mrs. N. Watson ..	Beverley and E. Riding..	84	21	63	72	9 "
Mrs. J. V. Oddy ..	Woodsome Hall.. ..	93	27	66	75	9 "
Mrs. D. W. Hughes..	Sudbury	93	28	65	74	9 "
Mrs. E. M. Meanock	Freshfield	92	29	63	72	9 "
Lady Hilbery ..	Moor Park (High) ..	97	31	66	75	9 "
Mrs. Hooton ..	Birkdale	99	32	67	76	9 "
Mrs. K. Yeates ..	Erewash Valley.. ..	97	32	65	74	9 "
Miss A. Johnston..	Exmouth	96	34	62	71	9 "
Mrs. S. B. Rigden ..	Dulwich & Syd'ham Hill	102	36	66	75	9 "
Mrs. Davies.. ..	Erewash Valley.. ..	101	36	65	74	9 "
Miss Gardener ..	North Oxford	98	36	62	71	9 "
Miss B. Curnow ..	Seacroft	88	20	68	76	8 "
Mrs. J. Leek ..	North Worcestershire ..	83	20	63	71	8 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (17th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th and 6th. No Qualifying Round.

September 2nd.—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 3rd.—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 6th, 1935.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 5th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 2nd, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1935, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, and replica to each member of that team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

Baylis House Hotel, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 15s. per day or 12s. without lunch.

Farnham Common Private Hotel. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

17th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1935

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. not later than Monday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth ..... *Club (if any).* .....

Handicap (if any) .....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England, }

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

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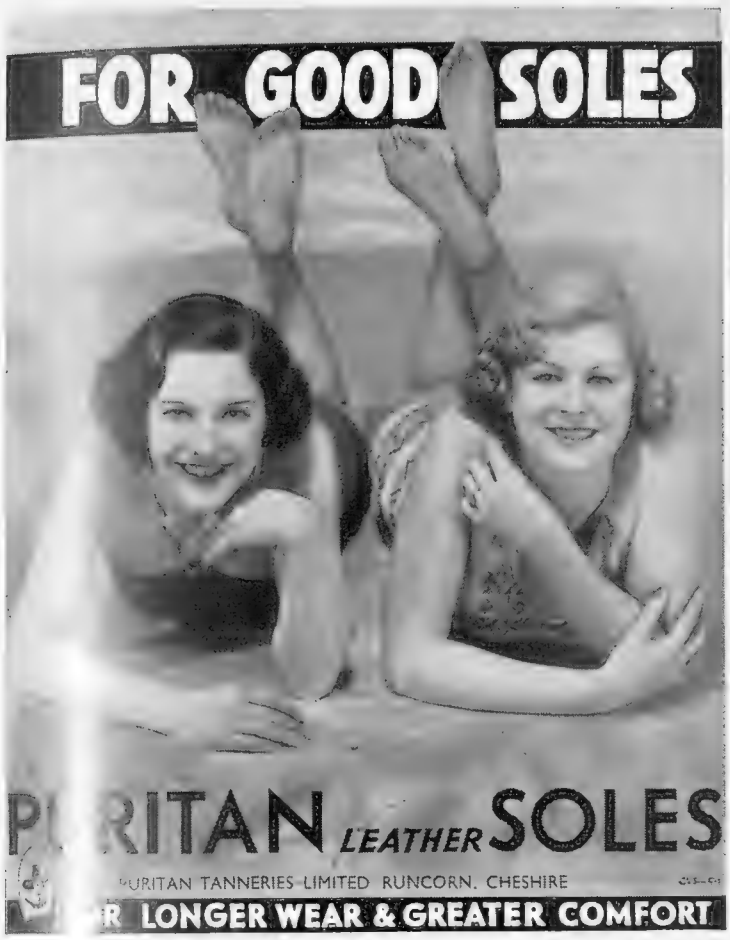
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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—A lovely production in a perfect "Dream" setting; Fay Compton and Phyllis Neilson Terry as Titania and Oberon: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Close Quarters.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

This Desirable Residence.—Intelligent, sensitive acting by Marie Ney as the girl of the 'nineties who wanted to marry below her; Frederick Leister as the Victorian father, Eric Portman as the young man: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

The Dominant Sex.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Ghosts.—A revival of Ibsen's play, with Nancy Price as Mrs. Alving, Morris Harvey, Glen Byam Shaw, Elizabeth Maude; produced by Dr. Per Lindberg: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love on the Dole.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Man and Superman.—First of the plays in Charles Macdona's Shavian season. The stars are Esmé Percy and Margaret Rawlings: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Mask of Virtue.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Noah.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Diana Wynward's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Tovarich.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

The Unguarded Hour.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

Anything Goes.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Gay Deceivers.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Glamorous Night.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love Laughs—!—Renée Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Tulip Time.—Only twice-nightly comedy with music in West End. A big cast includes George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 63.—Edwin Lawrence has joined the cast to assist Hugh Rene in supplying comedy, Ken Douglas being on holiday. Meggie Eaton, Norah Chapman, and Eric Woodburn are all back, and "Breach of Promise," in which Doris Barry made such a success some months ago, will be revived with her in her old part. Scenes include the "Stone Age," a film studio, and a finishing school, and there is an attractive tableau entitled "My Lady's Fan." The modern ballet is based on "The Blues": Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

Mannell

Betti Talbot

Is an attractive member of the show-girl parade at the Windmill Theatre, takes flying lessons every week-end, and is the daughter of Vivian Van Damm. the theatrical manager

1066 and All That.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Night Must Fall.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Someone at the Door.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

All the King's Horses.—A gay musical of the Ruritanian type. The cast is headed by Carl Brisson, Mary Ellis and Edward Everett Horton: Plaza.

Blackmail.—A revival of an early British talkie directed by Alfred Hitchcock and featuring Donald Calthrop, Annie Andra and John Longden: Curzon.

Bulldog Jack.—Jack Hulbert as a deputy Bulldog Drummond, with Ralph Richardson as his gangster enemy, and Fay Wray as the girl-friend: Tivoli.

Cardinal Richelieu.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

The Clairvoyant.—Claude Rains as a man of mystery in a British-made thriller with Fay Wray in the cast: New Gallery.

Der Schimmelreiter (The Rider on the White Horse).—The legend and folk-lore of the Friesians with exquisite photographic cameos of land and sea: Academy.

Devil Dogs of the Air.—James Cagney takes to flying in a spectacular and expensively made air thriller; the girl is Margaret Lindsay: Regal.

False Faces.—A gangster story, fast-moving and packed with thrills that give ample acting scope to Richard Arlen, Alice Brady, Virginia Bruce, and Bruce Cabot: London Pavilion.

The Raven.—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi as macabre as usual. Let 's Live To-night.—Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carminati teamed in a new musical: Capitol.

Shanghai.—Loretta Young and Charles Boyer are both full of charm in their Eastern setting. There 's also the B.B.C. film here, well worth seeing: Carlton.

Star of Midnight.—An exciting detective story specially interesting in that it brings together William Powell and Ginger Rogers as co-stars: Empire.

The Thirty-Nine Steps.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

BALLET

Ballets Russes.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

Sylphides, Beach, Aurora's Wedding: to-day, 2.30.

Carnaval, Jardin Public, L'Oiseau de Feu: to-night, 8.45.

Cent Baisers, Femmes de Bonne Humeur, Boutique Fantasque: August 15th, 8.45.

Sylphides, Thamar, Choreartium: August 16th, 8.45.

Carnaval, Jardin Public, Beau Danube: August 17th, 2.30.

Femmes de Bonne Humeur, L'Oiseau de Feu, Union Pacific: August 17th, 8.45.

(Continued on page ii)

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Houston Rogers

Queenie Sherry

Is the daughter of the late James Sherry, and Mrs. Sherry, of Western House, Bolton, Lancs, and does broadcasting, film, and musical-comedy work; she is engaged to Sub-Lieut. John B. King-Church, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. F. W. King-Church

Kay Vaughan

Rita Layton

Is engaged to Terence Morrison-Scott, only son of Baroness Quarles van Ufford, of 44, Belgrave Square; she is the youngest daughter of the late E. J. Layton, and Mrs. Layton, of 14, Hanover Terrace, N.W.1

Wilson — Sperry

Roy Michael Wilson, of 4, Brick Court, Temple, son of the Rev. Robert Wilson, and Henrietta Sperry, were married at Queen's College Chapel, Oxford. She is the daughter of Dean Willard Sperry and Mrs. Sperry, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Kay Vaughan

Joy Robins

Is the only daughter of Mrs. F. E. Gunter, of 20, Star Hill, Rochester, Kent, and announced her engagement last month to Lieut. John B. Herapath, R.N., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Herapath, of Bristol

Pearl Freeman

Mary Brakspear

Is going to marry the Rev. O. G. Hooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hooper, of Cardiff; she is the only daughter of the late Sir Harold Brakspear, and Lady Brakspear, of Corsham, Wilts

del Tufo — Holdsworth

Signor M. V. del Tufo and Miss K. Holdsworth, who were recently married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The bride comes from a well-known Yorkshire family

Bassano

Joyce Kirk

Is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. H. B. Kirk, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. G. A. Sceales, of Cliffs End Hall, Thanet; she is to marry A. J. H. Cassels, Seaforth Highlanders, only son of General Sir Robert and Lady Cassels

Lenar

Rosamond Robinson

Is engaged to Lieut.-Com. Ronald Ker Silcock, R.N., son of J. G. Silcock, of Tunbridge Wells; she is the younger daughter of the late J. H. Robinson, of the Chestnuts, Potters Bar, Herts

Navana

Susan Hubbard

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gerald Hubbard, of the Cottage, Goodwood, Sussex, and is engaged to Edward Harrison, son of the late E. R. Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison, of Swinden Manor, Cheltenham

Pearl Freeman

June Morris

Is to marry Lieut. John de F. Jago on August 17th; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Terry Morris, of Walton-on-Thames, and he is the son of W. R. Jago, of Johannesburg, and Mrs. Jago, of Beaufort Mansions, S.W.3

Ryan — Cookson

Lieut. Patrick Ryan, R.N., and Rosemary Cookson were married at North Curry Church, near Taunton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cookson, of the Grange, North Curry, and his mother, Mrs. E. W. B. Ryan, lives at Ivybridge, Devon

Neill — Wenham

Edwin H. B. Neill, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Balfour H. Neill, of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Mrs. Norman Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, married Prudence Wenham at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the daughter of Basil E. Wenham, of Armscote, Stratford-on-Avon

Russell — Birdwood

John E. N. Russell, son of the late Major Leonard Russell, and Mrs. Russell, and Frances Birdwood, daughter of the late Capt. C. W. B. Birdwood, Gurkha Rifles, and Mrs. Birdwood, of the Wendy House, the Down, Bexhill, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

MacEwen — Rowe

Flt.-Lt. Kenneth MacEwen and Evelyn Rowe, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Rowe, of Penhalonga, Southern Rhodesia, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Norman MacEwen

McMath Hely — Sullivan

Arthur Hubert McMath Hely, son of Commander and Mrs. H. McMath Hely, of Birkenhead, Australia, and Laura Mary Sullivan leaving St. Joseph's Church, Bromley, Kent. The bride is the daughter of Serjeant A. M. Sullivan, K.C., and of Mrs. Sullivan

Hope — Fryers

E. H. Godfrey Hope and Margaret, the only daughter of Mr. A. Fryers, of Fallowfield, Manchester. They are seen leaving St. James's Church, Birch-in-Rusholme, Manchester

Shillington — Bullock

Robert Shillington and Mary Evelyn Reford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bullock, Hill Croft, Hollywood, Co. Down, leaving St. Cougall's Church, Bangor. The bridegroom is a District Inspector in the Royal Ulster Constabulary

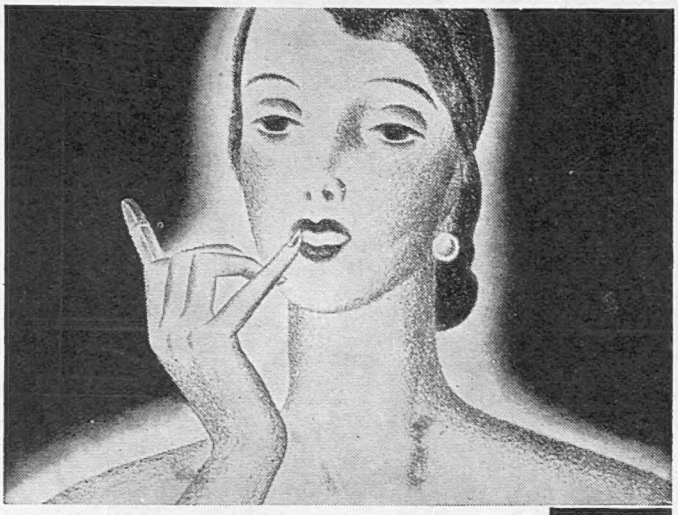
Fox Carlyon — Hadland

R. T. Fox Carlyon, Master of the Cury Harriers, and Miss Margaret Hadland, of 1, Trevor Square, S.W.7., who were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. The bridegroom's home is at Costislost, Cornwall

Canning — Stephens

Lieut. Thomas L. Canning, R.N., and Brigit, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theo Stephens, of Mill House, Frensham. They were married in the Parish Church, Frensham, Surrey

YARDLEY



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For make-up, a light film of the Foundation Cream into which the Rouge Cream can be artistically worked to give a soft, natural bloom of colour, then the fine, clinging "Silver Box" Powder (an attractive shade is English Peach), an accentuation of the mouth with the new Indelible Lipstick, and finally, a trace of the Eye Shadow to flatter the eyes. The result—with a skin that is cared for by the Yardley Beauty Preparations—is one of living, radiant beauty.

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Skin Food 2/6	*Face Powder* 2/-	*Eye Shadow* 2/-

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